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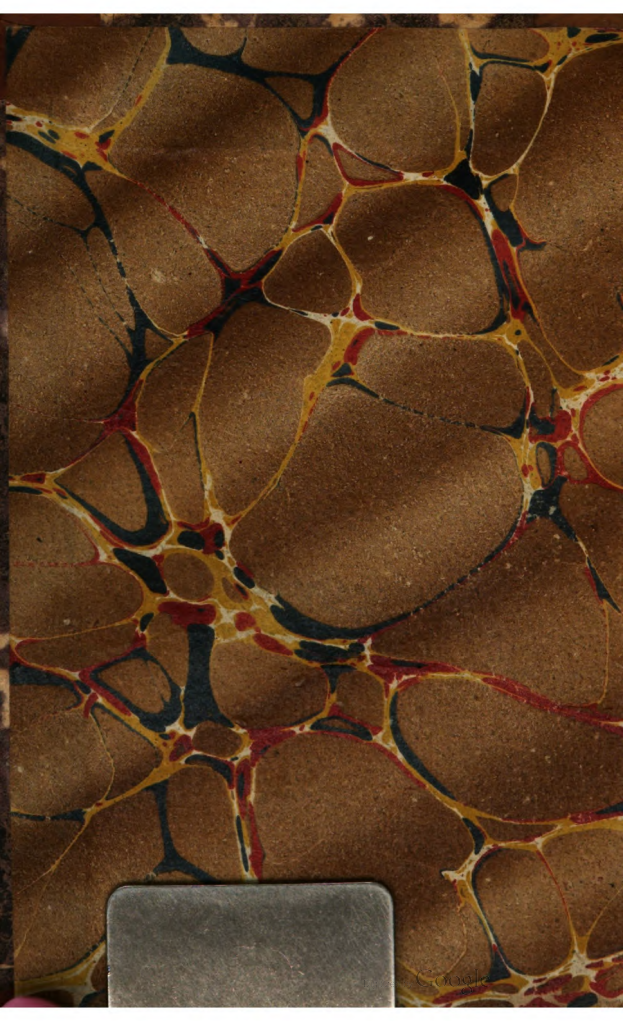

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THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

CUTHBERT SHAW.

COLLATED WITH THE BEST EDITIONS:

BY

THOMAS PARK, ESQ. F.S.A.

LONDON:
Printed at the Stanhope Press,
BY CHARLES WHITTINGHAM,
103, *Goswell Street*;
FOR J. SHARPE; AND SOLD BY W. SUTTABY,
STATIONERS' COURT, LUDGATE STREET.

1807.

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SONG.

TO EMMA.

WHENE'ER to gentle Emma's praise
I tune my soft enamour'd lays,
When on the face so dear I prize,
I fondly gaze with love-sick eyes;
'Say, Damon,' cries the smiling fair,
With modest and ingenuous air,
'Tell of this homely frame, the part
To which I owe your vanquish'd heart.'

In vain, my Emma, would I tell
By what thy captive Damon fell;
The swain who partial charms can see
May own—but never lov'd like me!
Won by thy form and fairer mind,
So much my wishes are confin'd,
With lover's eyes so much I see,
Thy very faults are charms to me.

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EMMA TO DAMON,

ON FINDING HIS ADDRESSES NOT FAVOURED BY HER FRIENDS, ON ACCOUNT OF HIS WANT OF FORTUNE.

FORBEAR, in pity, ah! forbear
To soothe my ravish'd ear;
Nor longer thus a love declare,
'Tis death for me to hear.

Too much, alas! my tender heart
Does to thy suit incline;
Why then attempt to gain by art,
What is already thine?

O! let not, like the Grecian dame[1],
My hapless fortune prove,
Who languish'd in too fierce a flame,
And died by too much love.

[1] Semele.

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THE AUTHOR,

BEING IN COMPANY WITH EMMA, AND HAVING NO OPPORTUNITY OF EXPRESSING CERTAIN DOUBTS HE HAD CONCEIVED OF HER SINCERITY, CONVEYS TO HER THE FOLLOWING LINES, AS A DEVICE TO KNOW THE SENTIMENTS OF HER HEART.

Are all my flattering hopes at once betray'd,
And cold and faithless grown my nut-brown maid?
Have I so long indulg'd the pleasing smart,
And worn thy grateful image next my heart?
And must I thus at once all hopes resign,
When, fix'd as fate, I fondly thought thee mine?
Then go, irresolute,—and dare to prove,
To please proud friends, a rebel to thy love.
Perhaps, too long accustom'd to obtain,
My flattering views were ever false and vain!
Perhaps my Emma's lips, well skill'd in art,
Late breath'd a language foreign to her heart
Perhaps the Muse profanely does thee wrong,
Weak my suspicions and unjust my song[1]!
Whichever is the cause, the truth proclaim,
And to that sentence here affix thy name;
So shall we both be rescued from the fear
Which thou must have to tell, and I to hear;

[1] After perusing the paper. Emma (as the reader may conjecture from the sequel) returned it to the Author, after having written her name with a pencil at the close of the following line: 'Weak my suspicions and unjust my song.'

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If thou art false the Muse shall vengeance take,
And blast the faithless sex for Emma's sake:
If true—my wounds thy gentle voice shall heal,
And own me punish'd by the pangs I feel.
But O! without disguise pronounce my fate,
Bless me with love, or curse me with thy hate!
Hearts soft as mine indifference cannot bear;
Perfect my hopes, or plunge me in despair.

TO EMMA,

DOUBTING THE AUTHOR'S SINCERITY.

When misers cease to doat on gold,
When justice is no longer sold,
When female tongues their clack shall hush,
When modesty shall cease to blush,
When parents shall no more control
The fond affections of the soul,
Nor force the sad reluctant fair
Her idol from her heart to tear;
For sordid interest to engage,
And languish in the arms of age;
Then in this heart shall falsehood reign,
And pay thy kindness with disdain.
When friends severe as thine shall prove
Propitious to ingenuous love,
Bid thee in merit place affiance,
And think they're honour'd by the' alliance:
And oh! when hearts as proud as mine
Shall basely kneel at Plutus' shrine,
Forego my modest plea to fame,
Or own dull power's superior claim;

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When the bright sun no more shall bring
The sweet return of annual spring;
When Nature shall the change deplore,
And music till the groves no more;
Then in this heart shall falsehood reign,
And pay thy kindness with disdain.
But why from dearer objects rove,
Nor draw illusions whence I love?
When my dear Emma's eyes shall be
As black as jet or ebony,
And every froward tooth shall stand
As rang'd by Hemet's [1] dextrous hand;
When her sweet face, deform'd by rage,
No more shall every heart engage,
When her soft voice shall cease to charm,
Nor malice of its power disarm;
When manners, gentle and refin'd,
No more speak forth her spotless mind;
But the perfidious minx shall prove
A perjur'd traitress to her love:
Then—nor till then—shall Damon be
False to his vows, and false to thee!

AN

INVITATION TO EMMA,

AFTER MARRIAGE, TO LIVE IN THE COUNTRY.

COME, my dear girl, let's seek the peaceful vale,
Where honour, truth, and innocence prevail.
Let's fly this cursed town—a nest of slaves—
Where fortune smiles not but on fools or knaves,

[1] A celebrated dentist.

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Who merit claim proportion'd to their gold,
And truth and innocence are bought and sold.
An humble competence we have in store,
Mere food and raiment—kings can have no more!
A glorious patriarchal life we'll lead,
See the fruits ripen, and the lambkins feed;
Frequent observe the labours of the spade,
And joy to see each yearly toil repaid;
In some sequester'd spot a bower shall stand,
The favourite task of thy lov'd Damon's hand,
Where the sweet woodbine clasps the curling vine,
Emblem of faithful love, like your's and mine!
Here will we sit when evening shades prevail,
And hear the night-bird tell its plaintive tale,
Till nature's voice shall summon us away,
To gather spirits for the' approaching day;
Then on thy breast I'll lay my weary head,
A pillow softer than a monarch's bed!

MONODY

TO THE MEMORY OF EMMA.

Yet do I live! O how shall I sustain
This vast unutterable weight of woe?
This worse than hunger, poverty, or pain,
Or all the complicated ills below—
She, in whose life my hopes were treasur'd all,
Is gone—for ever fled—
My dearest Emma's dead;
These eyes, these tear-swol'n eyes, beheld her fall:
Ah no—she lives on some far happier shore, [more.
She lives—but (cruel thought!) she lives for me no

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I, who the tedious absence of a day
Remov'd, would languish for my charmer's sight,
Would chide the lingering moments for delay,
And fondly blame the slow return of night;
How, how shall I endure
(O misery past a cure!)
Hours, days, and years, successively to roll,
Nor ever more behold the comfort of my soul?
Was she not all my fondest wish could frame?
Did ever mind so much of Heaven partake?
Did she not love me with the purest flame,
And give up friends and fortune for my sake?
Though mild as evening skies,
With downcast streaming eyes,
Stood the stern frown of supercilious brows,
Deaf to their brutal threats, and faithful to her vows.

Come then, some Muse, the saddest of the train,
(No more your bard shall dwell on idle lays)
Teach me each moving melancholy strain;
And, O! discard the pageantry of phrase:
Ill suit the flowers of speech with woes like mine!
Thus, haply, as I paint
The source of my complaint,
My soul may own the' impassion'd line;
A flood of tears may gush to my relief, [grief.
And from my swelling heart discharge this load of

Forbear, my fond officious friends, forbear
To wound my ears with the sad tales you tell—
'How good she was, how gentle, and how fair!'
In pity cease—alas! I know too well
How, in her sweet expressive face,
Beam'd forth the beauties of her mind,
Yet heighten'd by exterior grace
Of manners most engaging, most refin'd.

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No piteous object could she see,
  But her soft bosom shar'd the woe,
While smiles of affability
  Endear'd whatever boon she might bestow:
Whate'er the' emotions of her heart,
  Still shone conspicuous in her eyes,
Stranger to every female art,
  Alike to feign, or to disguise:
    And O—the boast how rare!
The secret in her faithful breast repos'd
She ne'er with lawless tongue disclos'd,
    In sacred silence lodg'd inviolate there.
O feeble words—unable to express
Her matchless virtues, or my own distress!

Relentless Death! that, steel'd to human woe,
  With murderous hands deals havoc on mankind,
Why (cruel!) strike this deprecated blow,
  And leave such wretched multitudes behind?
Hark! groans come wing'd on every breeze!
  The sons of Grief prefer their ardent vow;
Oppress'd with sorrow, want, or dire disease,
  And supplicate thy aid, as I do now:
In vain—Perverse, still on the' unweeting head
  'Tis thine thy vengeful darts to shed;
Hope's infant blossoms to destroy,
And drench in tears the face of Joy.

But, oh! fell tyrant! yet expect the hour
When Virtue shall renounce thy pow'r;
When thou no more shalt blot the face of day,
Nor mortals tremble at thy rigid sway.
Alas! the day—where'er I turn my eyes,
  Some sad memento of my loss appears;
I fly the fatal house—suppress my sighs,
  Resolv'd to dry my unavailing tears;

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But, ah! in vain—no change of time or place
The memory can efface
Of all that sweetness, that enchanting air, [spair.
Now lost; and nought remains but anguish and de-

Where were the delegates of Heaven,—oh where?
Appointed Virtue's children safe to keep!
Had Innocence or Virtue been their care,
She had not died, nor had I liv'd to weep:
Mov'd by my tears, and by her patience mov'd,
To see her force the' endearing smile,
My sorrows to beguile,
When Torture's keenest rage she prov'd;
Sure they had warded that untimely dart, [heart.
Which broke her thread of life, and rent a husband's
How shall I e'er forget that dreadful hour,
When, feeling Death's resistless pow'r,
My hand she press'd, wet with her falling tears,
And thus, in faultering accents, spoke her fears:—

'Ah, my lov'd lord, the transient scene is o'er,
And we must part (alas!) to meet no more!
But, oh! if e'er thy Emma's name was dear,
If e'er thy vows have charm'd my ravish'd ear;
If, from thy lov'd embrace my heart to gain, [vain;
Proud friends have frown'd, and Fortune smil'd in
If it has been my sole endeavour, still
To act in all obsequious to thy will;
To watch thy very smiles, and wish to know,
Then only truly bless'd when thou wert so;
If I have doated with that fond excess,
Nor Love could add, nor Fortune make it less;
If this I've done, and more—oh! then be kind
To the dear lovely babe I leave behind.

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When time my once-lov'd memory shall efface,
Some happier maid may take thy Emma's place,
With envious eyes thy partial fondness see,
And hate it for the love thou bore to me:
My dearest Shaw, forgive a woman's fears,
But one word more (I cannot bear thy tears)
Promise—and I will trust thy faithful vow,
(Oft have I tried, and ever found thee true)
That to some distant spot thou wilt remove
This fatal pledge of hapless Emma's love,
Where, safe, thy blandishments it may partake;
And, oh! be tender for its mother's sake:
Wilt thou?——
I know thou wilt——sad silence speaks assent,
And in that pleasing hope thy Emma dies content!'

I, who with more than manly strength have bore
The various ills impos'd by cruel Fate,
Sustain the firmness of my soul no more,
But sink beneath the weight:
Just Heaven! (I cried) from memory's earliest day
No comfort has thy wretched suppliant known,
Misfortune still with unrelenting sway
Has claim'd me for her own.
But O!—in pity to my grief, restore
This only source of bliss; I ask—I ask no more—
Vain hope—the' irrevocable doom is pass'd,
Ev'n now she looks—she sighs her last——
Vainly I strive to stay her fleeting breath,
And, with rebellious heart, protest against her death
When the stern tyrant clos'd her lovely eyes,
How did I rave, untaught to bear the blow!
With impious wish to tear her from the skies,
How curse my fate in bitterness of woe!

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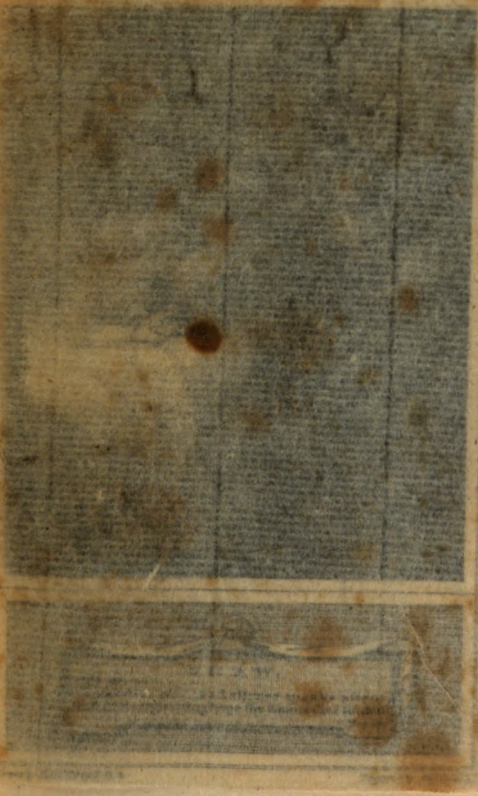

Published 1st October, by John Sharpe,
Piccadilly.

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When time my once lov'd memory shall efface,
Some happier maid may take thy Emma's place,
With curious eyes thy partial fondness see,
And hate it for the love that's borne to me:
My dearest Shaw, forgive a woman's fears,
But one word more (I cannot bear thy tears)
Promise—and I will trust my faithful vow,
(Oft have I tried, and thou hast found me true)
That to some distant [illegible] thou wilt remove
This fatal pledge of [illegible] Emma's love,
Where, safe, thy [illegible] may partake;
And, oh! be tender [illegible] mother's sake:
Will thou?—
I know thou [illegible] sad silence speaks assent,
And in [illegible] hope thy Emma dies content!

I, [illegible] than man's strength have born
[illegible] grief Fate,
[illegible] and no more,
[illegible] thought:
[illegible] memory's earliest day
[illegible] watched suppliant knows,
[illegible] still with unrelenting sway
[illegible] claim'd me for her own.
O!—in pity to my grief, restore
[illegible] only source of bliss; I ask—I ask no more
[illegible] hope—the' irrevocable doom is pass'd,
[illegible] now she looks—she sighs her last——
Vainly I strive to stay her fleeting breath,
And I with rebellious heart, protest against her death;
When the stern tyrant clos'd her lovely eyes,
How did I rave, unapt to bear the blow!
With impious [illegible] to tear her from the skies,
How curse my fate in bitterness of woe!

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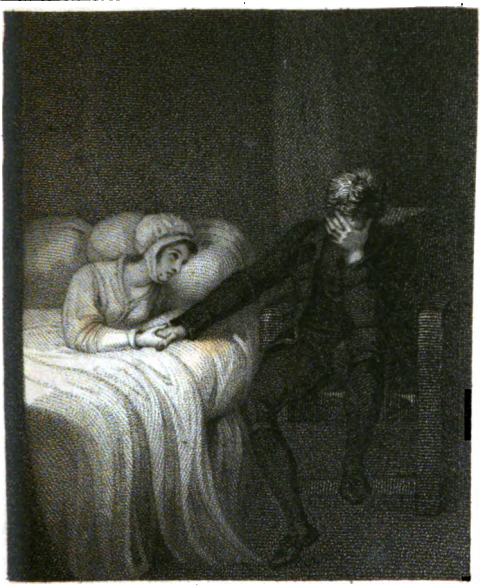

SHAW.

Wilt thou?—— I know thou will—and silence speaks assent.
And in that pleasing hope thy Emma dies content.

Measure.

Drawn by Rich.d Westall. R.A. Engrav'd by Ant.o Cardon.

Publish'd 1.st October 1797, by John Sharpe, Piccadilly.

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But whither would this dreadful frenzy lead?
Fond man, forbear,
Thy fruitless sorrow spare,
Dare not to task what Heaven's high will decreed;
In humble reverence kiss the' afflictive rod,
And prostrate bow to an offended God.
Perhaps kind Heaven in mercy dealt the blow,
Some saving truth thy roving soul to teach;
To wean thy heart from groveling views below,
And point out bliss beyond Misfortune's reach:
To show that all the flattering schemes of joy,
Which towering Hope so fondly builds in air,
One fatal moment can destroy,
And plunge the' exulting maniac in despair.
Then O! with pious fortitude sustain
Thy present loss—haply, thy future gain;
Nor let thy Emma die in vain;
Time shall administer its wonted balm,
And hush this storm of grief to no unpleasing calm
Thus the poor bird, by some disastrous fate,
Caught and imprison'd in a lonely cage,
Torn from its native fields, and dearer mate,
Flutters awhile, and spends its little rage:
But, finding all its efforts weak and vain,
No more it pants and rages for the plain;
Moping awhile in sullen mood
Droops the sweet mourner—but, ere long,
Prunes its light wings, and pecks its food,
And meditates the song:
Serenely sorrowing, breathes its piteous case,
And with its plaintive warbling saddens all the place.

Forgive me, Heaven! yet—yet the tears will flow,
To think how soon my scene of bliss is past!

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My budding joys just promising to blow,
All nipt and wither'd by one envious blast!
My hours, that laughing wont to fleet away,
Move heavily along;
Where's now the sprightly jest, the jocund song?
Time creeps unconscious of delight:
How shall I cheat the tedious day?
And O——the joyless night!
Where shall I rest my weary head?
How shall I find repose on a sad widow'd bed?

Come, Theban drug, the wretch's only aid,
To my torn heart its former peace restore;
Thy votary, wrapp'd in thy Lethean shade,
Awhile shall cease his sorrows to deplore:
Haply when lock'd in Sleep's embrace,
Again I shall behold my Emma's face;
Again with transport hear
Her voice soft whispering in my ear;
May steal once more a balmy kiss,
And taste, at least, of visionary bliss.

But, ah! the' unwelcome morn's obtruding light
Will all my shadowy schemes of bliss depose,
Will tear the dear illusion from my sight,
And wake me to the sense of all my woes:
If to the verdant fields I stray,
Alas! what pleasures now can these convey?
Her lovely form pursues where'er I go,
And darkens all the scene with woe.
By Nature's lavish bounties cheer'd no more,
Sorrowing I rove
Through valley, grot, and grove:
Nought can their beauties or my loss restore;

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No herb, no plant, can med'cine my disease,
And my sad sighs are borne on every passing breeze.

Sickness and sorrow hovering round my bed,
Who now with anxious haste shall bring relief,
With lenient hand support my drooping head,
Assuage my pains, and mitigate my grief?
Should worldly business call away,
Who now shall in my absence fondly mourn,
Count every minute of the loitering day,
Impatient for my quick return?
Should aught my bosom discompose,
Who now, with sweet complacent air,
Shall smooth the rugged brow of Care,
And soften all my woes?
Too faithful Memory——Cease, O cease——
How shall I e'er regain my peace?
(O to forget her!)—but how vain each art,
Whilst every virtue lives imprinted on my heart.

And thou, my little cherub, left behind,
To hear a father's plaints, to share his woes,
When reason's dawn informs thy infant mind,
And thy sweet-lisping tongue shall ask the cause?
How oft with sorrow shall mine eyes run o'er,
When, twining round my knees, I trace
Thy mother's smile upon thy face!
How oft to my full heart shalt thou restore
Sad memory of my joys—ah, now no more!
By blessings once enjoy'd now more distress'd,
More beggar by the riches once possess'd.
My little darling!——dearer to me grown
By all the tears thou'st caus'd—O strange to hear!)
Bought with a life yet dearer than thy own,
Thy cradle purchas'd with thy mother's bier:

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Who now shall seek with fond delight
Thy infant steps to guide aright?
She, who with doating eyes would gaze
On all thy little artless ways,
By all thy soft endearments bless'd,
And clasp thee oft with transport to her breast,
Alas! is gone——Yet shalt thou prove
A father's dearest, tenderest love;
And, O sweet senseless smiler, (envied state!)
As yet unconscious of thy hapless fate,
When years thy judgment shall mature,
And reason shows those ills it cannot cure;
Wilt thou, a father's grief to' assuage,
For virtue prove the Phœnix of the earth,
(Like her, thy mother died to give thee birth)
And be the comfort of my age?

When sick and languishing I lie,
Wilt thou my Emma's wonted care supply?
And, oft as to thy listening ear
Thy mother's virtues and her fate I tell,
Say, wilt thou drop the tender tear,
Whilst on the mournful theme I dwell?
Then, fondly stealing to thy father's side,
Whene'er thou seest the soft distress,
Which I would vainly seek to hide,
Say, wilt thou strive to make it less?
To soothe my sorrows all thy cares employ,
And in my cup of grief infuse one drop of joy?

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EVENING ADDRESS

TO

A NIGHTINGALE.

Sweet bird! that, kindly perching near,
Pourest thy plaints melodious in mine ear,
Not, like base worldlings, tutor'd to forego
The melancholy haunts of Woe;
Thanks for thy sorrow-soothing strain:—
For, surely, thou hast known to prove,
Like me, the pangs of hapless love;
Else why so feelingly complain,
And with thy piteous notes thus sadden all the grove?

Say, dost thou mourn thy ravish'd mate,
That oft enamour'd on thy strains has hung?
Or has the cruel hand of Fate
Bereft thee of thy darling young?
Alas, for *both* I weep——
In all the pride of youthful charms,
A beauteous bride torn from my circling arms,
A lovely babe that should have liv'd to bless,
And fill my doating eyes with frequent tears,
At once the source of rapture and distress,
The flattering prop of my declining years!
In vain from death to rescue I essay'd,
By every art that Science could devise,
Alas! it languish'd for a mother's aid,
And wing'd its flight to seek her in the skies.—

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Then O! our comforts be the same,
  At evening's peaceful hour,
To shun the noisy paths of wealth and fame,
  And breathe our sorrows in this lonely bower.

But why, alas! to thee complain!
To thee—unconscious of my pain!
Soon shalt *thou* cease to mourn thy lot severe,
And hail the dawning of a happier year:
    The genial warmth of joy-renewing Spring
    Again shall plume thy shatter'd wing;
    Again thy little heart shall transport prove,
    Again shall flow thy notes responsive to thy love.
But O! for *me* in vain may seasons roll,
  Nought can dry up the fountain of my tears;
Deploring still the *comfort of my soul*,
  I count my sorrows by increasing years.

Tell me, thou syren Hope, deceiver, say,
  Where is the promis'd period of my woes?
Full three long, lingering years have roll'd away,
  And yet I weep, a stranger to repose:
    O what delusion did thy tongue employ!
  'That *Emma's* fatal pledge of love,
    Her last bequest—with all a mother's care,
  The bitterness of sorrow should remove,
    Soften the horrors of despair,
      And cheer a heart long lost to joy?'
How oft, when fondling in mine arms,
  Gazing enraptur'd on its angel-face,
  My soul the maze of Fate would vainly trace,
And burn with all a father's fond alarms!

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And O! what flattering scenes had Fancy feign'd!
How did I rave of blessings yet in store!
Till every aching sense was sweetly pain'd,
And my full heart could bear, nor tongue could utter more.——

'Just Heaven,' I cried——with recent hopes elate,
'Yet I will live—will live, though *Emma's* dead!
So long bow'd down beneath the storms of Fate,
Yet will I raise my woe-dejected head!
My little *Emma*, now my *all*,
Will want a father's care,
Her looks, her wants, my rash resolves recall,
And for her sake the ills of life I'll bear;
And oft together we'll complain;
Complaint, the only bliss my soul can know;
From me my child shall learn the mournful strain,
And prattle tales of woe.
And O! in that auspicious hour,
When Fate resigns her persecuting power,
With duteous zeal her hand shall close,
No more to weep—my sorrow-streaming eyes,
When Death gives Misery repose,
And opes a glorious passage to the skies.'

Vain thought! it must not be.—She too is dead——
The flattering scene is o'er,——
My hopes for ever—ever fled——
And vengeance can no more——
Crush'd by misfortune—blasted by disease—
And none—none left to bear a friendly part!
To meditate my welfare, health, or ease,
Or soothe the anguish of an aching heart!

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Now all one gloomy scene, till welcome Death,
With lenient hand, (O falsely deem'd severe!
Shall kindly stop my grief-exhausted breath,
And dry up every tear!
Perhaps, obsequious to my will,
But ah! from my affections far remov'd!
The last sad office strangers may fulfil,
As if I ne'er had been belov'd;
As if, unconscious of poetic fire,
I ne'er had touch'd the trembling lyre;
As if my niggard hand ne'er dealt relief,
Nor my heart melted at another's grief.

Yet——while this weary life shall last,
While yet my tongue can form the' impassion'd strain,
In piteous accents shall the Muse complain,
And dwell with fond delay on blessings past;
For O! how grateful to a wounded heart
The tale of misery to impart!
From others' eyes bid artless sorrows flow,
And raise esteem upon the base of woe!
Ev'n he [1], the noblest of the tuneful throng,
Shall deign my love-lorn tale to hear,
Shall catch the soft contagion of my song,
And pay my pensive Muse the tribute of a tear!

[1] Lord Lyttelton, who had highly applauded Shaw's Monody.

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THE RACE.

BY

MERCURIUS SPUR, ESQ.

WITH NOTES BY FAUSTIMUS SCRIBLERUS.

1766.

Acres procurrunt, magnum spectaculum! HOR.

ADDRESS TO THE CRITICS.

YE puny things, who self-important sit
The sovereign arbiters of monthly wit;
Who, gnatling-like, your stings around dispense,
And feed on excrements of sickly sense;
Ye gentle Critics, whom, by Fancy led,
My Pegasus has kick'd upon the head,
Who, zealous to decry the' injurious strain,
While Common-sense [1] has bled at every vein;

[1] In justification of the author's severity, the reader is desired to attend to the Critical Review on the first edition of this poem, where he will find, comprised in a very narrow compass, a most wonderful variety of nonsense, both literal and metaphorical; where the Race is ingeniously discovered to be an imitation of Pope's Dunciad. Now, the only circumstance which has the least reference to that

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Bewilder'd wander on, with idiot-pride,
Without or wit or grammar for your guide;
Behold! again I blot the' envenom'd page,
Come, whet your tiny stings, exhaust your rage:
Here wreak your vengeance, here exert your skill,
Let blustering Kenrick [2] draw his raven's quill:
My claims to genius let each dunce disown,
And damn all strains more favour'd than their own.
Where Pegasus, who ambled at fifteen,
No longer sporting on the rural green,
Rampant breaks forth: now flies the peaceful plains,
And bounds, impetuous, heedless of the reins,
O'er earth's vast surface madly scours along,
Nor spares a critic, gaping in the throng;
Truth rides behind [3], and prompts the wild career;
And, truth my guardian, what have I to fear?
Oh, Truth! thou sole director of my views,
Whom yet I love far dearer than the Muse!
Teach me myself in every sense to know,
Proof 'gainst the' injurious shafts of friend or foe.
When smooth-tongued flatterers my ears assail,
May my firm soul disdain the fulsome tale!

poem, is the hero's tumbling into a bog, which is (as it is there acknowledged) an exact imitation of a passage in Homer, and was designed at the same time as a stroke of ridicule on one of the instances where that immortal bard has nodded.—This the set of gentlemen had not eyes to see, and are therefore excusable. Those gentlemen certainly cannot help their having neither genius nor literature; but blockheads may certainly help commencing critics.

[2] Dr. Kenrick, a writer at perpetual warfare with his contemporaries.

[3] Perhaps some half-witted critic may perily inquire why should Truth ride behind, rather than before? Soft and fairly: certainly every man has a right to ride foremost on his own Pegasus.

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And ah! from pride thy votive bard defend,
Though Conway smile, or Chesterfield commend!
Unmov'd by squibs from all the scribbling throng,
Whom thou proclaim'st the refuse of my song;
Still may I safe between the danger steer
Of Scylla-flattery, and Charybdis-fear! [claim!)
Those foes to Genius (should'st thou grant my
Those wrecks alike of reason and of fame.

THE RACE.

Aid me,—some honest sister of the Nine,
Who ne'er paid court at Flattery's fulsome shrine,
A youth enlighten with thy keenest fires,
Who dares proclaim whate'er the Muse inspires,
By squint-ey'd Prejudice, or love inclin'd,
No partial ties shall here enslave the mind:
Though fancy sport in fiction's pleasing guise,
Truth, still conspicuous, through the veil shall rise;
No bribe or stratagem shall here take place,
Though (strange to tell!)—the subject is a Race.
Unlike the Race which fam'd Newmarket boasts,
Where pimps are peers' companions, whores their toasts,
Where jockey-nobles with groom-porters vie,
Who best can hedge a bet, or cog a die.
Nor like the Race, by ancient Homer told,
No spears for prizes, and no cups of gold:
A poets' Race, I sing—a poet's prize,
Who gold [4] and fighting equally despise.

[4] The poverty of poets is a well-known adage; or, to speak more poetically, their contempt of riches. They also seem

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To all the rhyming brethren of the quill
Fame sent her heralds, to proclaim her will:—
'Since late her votaries in abusive lays
Had madly wrangled for the wreath of bays;
To quell at once this foul tumultuous heat,
The day was fix'd whereon each bard should meet.
Already had she mark'd the destin'd ground,
Where from the goal her eager sons should bound,
There, by the hope of future glory fed,
Prove by their heels the prowess of the head;
And he, who fleetest ran, and first to fame,
The chaplet and the victory should claim.'
Swift spread the grateful news through all the town,
And every scribbler thought the wreath his own.
No corporal defect can now retard
The one-legg'd, short-legg'd, or consumptive bard [5];
Convinc'd that legs or lungs could make no odds
'Twixt man and man, where goddesses or gods
Presided judges; sure to have decreed
To dulness crutches, and to merit speed.
To view the various candidates for fame,
Booksellers, printers, and their devils came.
First Becket and De Hondt came hand in hand,
And next came Nourse and Millar, from the Strand;

providentially in all ages to have possessed the most pacific tempers: no doubt, lest their lives should be endangered, whose labours are so conducive to the amusement of society. Horace confesses himself a coward:

Relicta non bene parmula, &c.

But the moderns are not quite so ingenuous.

[5] The discerning reader will at once be sensible of the necessity of this proviso; otherwise it is to be supposed, a poet with a wooden leg, or any other bodily infirmity, would never have started.

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Here Woodfall—there the keen-ey'd Scott appears,
And Say [6] (oh, wonderful!) with both his ears.
Morley the meagre, with Moran the fat,
And Flexney [7] with a favour in his hat.
Williams and Kearsley [8] now afresh begin
To curse the cruel walls that held 'em in.
In rage around his shop poor Owen [9] flies,
Damning the Chevalier who clos'd his eyes;
'Oh! could he see, this day, the glorious strife,
He'd grope contented all his future life.'—
To Paternoster Row the tidings reach,
And forth came Johnny Coote [10] and Dryden Leach;
Associates in each cause alike they share,
Be it to print a prayer-book or Voltaire.
Thus leagued, how sweet the friendly pence to earn,
Like gentle Rosencrants and Guildenstern [11]! [fled,
But Leach [12] where Churchill came still cautious
Skulk'd through the crowd, and trembled for his head.

[6] Mr. Say's boldness in asserting any thing, written in opposition even to the ministerial measures, will render the meaning of this line sufficiently obvious to the intelligent reader.

[7] Alluding to the custom of tenants wearing ribbons in their hats when the 'Squire's horse wins the plate. Mr. Flexney, our hero's publisher, does the same, from strong presumption of his author's success.

[8] These two gentlemen, at the time this poem was first published, were imprisoned for publications that were deemed libellous.

[9] Owen sold books and mineral waters near Temple-Bar.

[10] Coote usually published what Leach printed.

[11] Two characters in Hamlet, where one never appears without the other.

[12] From a circumstance which Mr. Leach has the best reason to remember (as we hold *feeling* to be the most perfect of all the senses) the author must allow Mr. Churchill to be an exception to the general rule of poets being cowards, who for most part are fonder of laying on their

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With his whole length of body scarce a span,
Yet aping all the dignity of man,
Next Vaillant came, erect his dwarfish mien,
He perch'd on horseback, that he might be seen;
And vow'd, with worshipful grimace [13] and din [14],
He'd back the peerless bard [15] of Lincoln's Inn.
High on a hill, enthron'd in stately pride,
Appear'd the Goddess; while on either side
Stood Vice and Virtue, harbingers of Fame,
This stamps a good, and *that* an evil name.
On flowers thick scatter'd o'er the mossy ground,
The nymphs of Helicon reclin'd around;
Here, while each candidate his claim preferr'd,
In silent state the Goddess sat and heard.
Not far from hence, across the path to Fame,
A horrid ditch appear'd—known by the name
Of black Oblivion's gulf. In former days
Here perish'd many a poet and his lays;
Close by the margin of the sable flood
Reviewers *Critical* and *Monthly* stood
In terrible array, who dreadful frown, [down.
And, arm'd with clubs, here knock poor authors
Merit, alas! with them is no pretence,
In vain the pleas of poësy or sense;

blows with a pen than a cudgel; though we must confess it is a very cruel alternative where a printer must either submit to have his head broke, or run the hazard of losing his ears.

[13] The reader is not to suppose Mr. Vaillant made faces, but only that he assumed the proper air and countenance of a worshipful magistrate.

[14] No inglorious expression, as some may imagine, witness the din of war—the din of arms, &c. therefore proper to be employed in any character of consequence.

[15] A phrase common upon the turf, and consequently very applicable here.

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All levell'd here, though some triumphant rise,
Shake off the dirt, and seek their native skies.
But, strange! to Dulness they deny the crown,
And damn ev'n works as stupid as their own!
Oh! be this rage for massacre withstood,
Nor thus imbrue your hands in brother's blood.'
Foremost, the spite of Hell upon his face,
Stood the Thersites of the Critic Race,
Tremendous Hamilton! Of giant strength,
With crab-tree staff full twice two yards in length,
Near John o'Groats' [16] thatch'd cot its parent stood
Alone for many a mile—itself a wood;
Till Archy spied it, yet unform'd and wild,
And robb'd the mother of her tallest child.
Ill-omen'd birds beheld with dire affright
Their roost despoil'd, and sicken'd at the sight;
The ravens croak'd, pies chatter'd round his head,
In vain—he frown'd, the birds in terror fled:
Perch'd on their thistles droop'd the mournful band,
Archy stalk'd off, the crab-tree in his hand.

Close wedg'd behind, in rank and file were seen,
From Glasgow, Edinburgh, and Aberdeen,
A troop of Lairds with scraps of Latin hung,
Who came to teach John Bull his mother tongue.
Poor John! who must not judge whate'er he read,
But wait for sentence from these sons of Tweed.

Now coward Prudence, in the Muse's ear
Whispers—'How dar'st thou, novice, persevere

[16] The learned reader will not be surprised at this genealogy of the crab-tree stick, belonging to so illustrious a character as the printer of the Critical Review.—It is common, and Homer has often done the same, in regard to his hero's swords and spears, &c.

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With headlong fury, to destruction prone,
[17] Rouse sacred Dulness, yawning on her throne?
Thus madly bold, dread'st not the harpy's claw?
Thou, scarce a morsel for so vast a maw!
Soon shalt thou mourn thy ill-star'd numbers curst.'
She scorns their malice; let them do their worst.
Where Phœbus casts not an auspicious eye,
The sickening numbers of themselves must die;
But where true genius beams conspicuous forth,
The candid few will justify its worth;
Still as it flows increasing in its course,
Till like a river, with resistless force
Rapid rolls down the torrent of applause;
Then, struck with fear, each puny wretch with-
Meanly disclaims the paths he lately trod; [draws,
Belies himself, and humbly licks the rod [18].

First enter'd in the list the laureat band,
And thus preferr'd his suit:——'If due reward,
Goddess ador'd! to merit thou assign,
Whose verse so smooth, whose claim so just as mine?
To thee my cause I trust; oh, lend me wings,
Show wit and sack to be consistent things,
And that he rhymes the best who rhymes for kings.

[17] This alludes to a part of their criticism upon the Race above mentioned, wherein they observe: 'The author has attacked booksellers, printers, and even Reviewers—Oh! presumption! attack Reviewers! a set of gentlemen too!' We acknowledge the justice of this remark, and submit to the lash.

[18] Every ingenuous mind must conceive the utmost contempt for modern criticism, by looking back on the treatment of the late Mr. Churchill, where we find the very critics, who, at his first appearance in public, would scarcely allow him the least pretensions to genius, disavowing their former proceedings, and meanly courting his friendship. See the Critical Review, about that period.

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Lur'd by a sober honest thirst for fame,
Armstrong appear'd to lay his lawful claim;
Armstrong [19], whose Muse has taught the youth to
The sweet economy of health and love. [prove
But, when he saw what spleen each bosom fir'd,
Forth from the field he modestly retir'd.

Not so repuls'd, nor overaw'd with shame,
Next Hill stood forth, a darling child of Fame;
But, as to Justice, Fame herself must bow,
The poets' bays shall never deck his brow:
Else who, like Hill, can save a sickly age;
Like him arrest the hand of death with sage [20]?
But this the ancients never knew [21], or sure
They ne'er had died while sage remain'd a cure.
Oh, matchless Hill! if aught the Muse foresee
Of things conceal'd in dark futurity,
Death's triumph by thy skill shall soon be o'er,
Hence dire disease and pain shall be no more;
'Tis thine to save whole nations from his maw,
By some new tincture of a barley-straw.

[19] This gentleman has obliged the public with two poetical pieces; the one entitled, The Economy of 'Love;' the other 'Health;' in which he has displayed great abilities, both in sentiment and diction.

[20] It is impossible to express the obligations of the public to the author of this discovery. We learn that the ancients had indeed the art of restoring youth, by cutting the party to pieces, and boiling them in a kettle; but certainly the horror of so dismal a process (could the art be revived) might deter a person of a moderate share of courage from receiving the benefit of it. But Dr. Hill has removed the scruples of the most timorous, and has promised all the good effects of so dreadful an experiment, in a discovery both simple and palatable.

[21] A favourite expression of Dr. Hill's, in all his advertisements, is, 'the Ancients knew this,—the Greeks knew this,' &c.

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He bow'd, and spoke:—'Oh, Goddess, heavenly fair!
To thy own Hill now show a mother's care;
If I go unrewarded hence away,
What bard will court thee on a future day?
Who toils like me thy temple to unlock,
By moral essays, rhime, and water-dock?
With perseverance who like me could write
Inspector on Inspector, night by night;
Supplying still, with unexhausted head,
Till every reader slumber'd as he read?
No longer then my lawful claim delay'—
She smil'd [22]—Hill simper'd, and went pleas'd away.

Next Dodsley spoke:—'A bookseller and bard
May sure with justice claim the first regard.
A double merit's surely his, that's wont
To make the fiddle, and then play upon't:—
But more; to prove beyond a doubt my claim,
Behold the work on which I build my fame!
Search every tragic scene of Greece and Rome,
From ancient Sophocles to modern Home [23];
Examine well the conduct, diction, plan,
And match, then match Cleone, if you can.
A father wretched,—husband wretched more,—
A harmless baby weltering in its gore,
Such dire distress as ne'er was seen before!
Such sad complaints and tears, and heartful throes,
Sorrows so wet and dry [24], such mighty woes,
Too big for utterance e'en in tragic ohs!'

[22] As the reader may perhaps ascertain within himself the future success of Dr. Hill, from the smile of the goddess; he is desired to suspend his judgment, and consider that here are smiles of contempt as well as of approbation.

[23] Author of Douglas.

[24] In perusing the above piece, the readers may observe the different effects of grief here mentioned, where one cha-

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Next Smollett came. What author dare resist
Historian, critic, bard, and novelist?
'To reach thy temple, honour'd Fame,' he cried,
'Where, where's an avenue I have not tried?
But since the glorious present of to-day
Is meant to grace alone the poet's lay,
My claim I wave to every art beside,
And rest my plea upon the Regicide [25].

* * * * * * *

* * * * * * * [26].

But if, to crown the labours of my Muse,
Thou, inauspicious, should'st the wreath refuse,
Whoe'er attempts it in this scribbling age
Shall feel the Scotish powers of critic-rage;
Thus spurn'd, thus disappointed of my aim,
I'll stand a bugbear in the road to Fame;
Each future minion's infant hopes undo,
And blast the budding honours of his brow.'
He said—and, grown with future vengeance big,
Grimly he shook his scientific wig [27].
To clinch the cause, and fuel add to fire,
Behind came Hamilton, his trusty 'squire.

racter complains of being drowned in tears, and another that he cannot shed any.

[25] A tragedy written by Dr. S. and printed by subscription, but never acted. See 'Companion to the Playhouse;' where it is said to have been offered to the managers of the Theatres, but rejected: a particular account of which the author has given, under feigned characters, in his adventures of Roderick Random.

[26] The reader is to suppose that these asterisks must certainly mean something of the utmost consequence. It is exactly of the same kind with the blank-page in 'Tristram Shandy.'

[27] Annuit et totum nutu tremefecit Olympum.
VIRGIL.

Awhile he paus'd, revolving the disgrace,
And gathering all the horrors of his face;
Then rais'd his head, and turning to the crowd,
Burst into bellowing terrible and loud:—
'Hear my resolve, and first by G— I swear!—
By Smollett, and his gods! whoe'er shall dare
With him this day for glorious fame to vie,
Sous'd in the bottom of the ditch shall lie;
And know, the world no other shall confess,
Whilst I have crab-tree life, or letter-press.'
Scar'd at the menace, authors fearful grew,
Poor Virtue trembled, and e'en Vice look'd blue [28].
Next Wilkes appear'd, vain hoping the reward,
A glorious patriot, an inglorious bard,
Yet erring, shot far wide of Freedom's mark,
And rais'd a flame, in putting out a spark:
Near to the throne, with silent step he came,
To whisper in her ear his filthy claim;
But ruin to his hopes! behind stood near,
With fix'd attention and a greedy ear,
A sneaking priest, who heard, and to the crowd
Blab'd, with most grievous zeal, the tale aloud.
The peaceful Nine, whom nothing less could vex,
Flew on the vile assassin of the sex,
Disown'd all knowledge of his brutal lays,
And scratch'd the front intended for the bays.
Here Johnson comes—unbless'd with outward grace,
His rigid morals stamp'd upon his face,
While strong conceptions struggle in his brain,
(For even wit is brought to bed with pain.)

[28] As *pale* is an epithet that characterises the fear of mortals, the author has made use of the Poetica Licentia, in making a goddess turn *blue*.

To view him, porters with their loads would rest,
And babes cling frighted to the nurses' breast:
With looks convuls'd, he roars in pompous strain,
And, like an angry lion, shakes his mane.
The Nine, with terror struck, who ne'er had seen
Aught human with so horrible a mien,
Debating, whether they should stay or run—
Virtue steps forth, and claims him for her son.
With gentle speech she warns him now to yield,
Nor stain his glories in the doubtful field;
But, wrapt in conscious worth, content sit down,
Since Fame, resolv'd his various pleas to crown,
Though forc'd his present claim to disavow,
Had long reserv'd a chaplet for his brow.
He bows; obeys—for Time shall first expire,
Ere Johnson stay, when Virtue bids retire.

Next Murphy silence broke:—'Oh, Goddess fair!
To whom I still prefer my daily pray'r;
For whose dear sake I've scratch'd my drowsy head,
And robb'd alike the living and the dead; [thin,
Stranger to fear, have plung'd through thick and
And Fleet-ditch virgins drag'd to Lincoln's-Inn;
Smile on my hopes, thy favour let me share,
And show mankind Hibernia boasts thy care.'

Here stop'd he, interrupted quick by Jones,
A poet, rais'd from mortar, brick, and stones:
'Goddess,' he cries, 'reject his pitch-patch work,
He was a butter-seller's boy at Cork [29];
On me bestow the prize, on me, who came
From my dear country in pursuit of fame:
For thus advis'd Mæcenas [30] (best of men:)
"Jones, drop the trowel, and assume the pen;

[29] See the 'Picklock,' a scurrilous poem.
[30] Philip, Earl of Chesterfield, when lord lieutenant, transplanted Jones from Ireland to England.

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The Muses thrive not in this barren soil,
Come, seek with me fair Albion's happier isle;
There shall the theatres increase thy store,
And Essex [31] bleed to make thy purse run o'er."—
Thus have I fondly left the mason's care,
To build imaginary tow'rs i'the' air,
Then since my golden hopes have prov'd a cheat,
Oh, give him Fame, whom Fate forbids to eat [32];
This, this at least, to me forlorn supply,
I'll live contented on a farthing-pie.'
Next in the train advanc'd a Highland lad [33],
Array'd in brogues and Caledonian plaid,
Surrounded by his countrymen, while loud
The British Homer [34] rang through all the crowd.
Then he with mickle pride and uncouth air
His bonnet doff'd, and thus prefer'd his pray'r:
'O Fame! regard me with propitious eyes,
Give me to seize this long-contested prize;
In epic lines I shine the king of verse!
From torn and tatter'd scraps of ancient Erse,

[31] Jones's tragedy of the Earl of Essex was produced at Covent-Garden in 1753.

[32] It is a mortification to which the professed patrons of merit must ever be liable, to have their benevolence abused and their hopes deceived;—but great souls have no limits, or rather disdain any; which is well expressed by Voltaire:

Repandez vos bienfaits avec magnificence,
Meme au moins verteceux ne les refusez pas,
Ne vous informez pas de leur reconnoissance,
Il est grand, il est beau, de faire des ingrats.

[33] Macpherson.

[34] There is indeed an air of originality, which, to a literary virtuoso, renders Fingal worthy of notice. But I am afraid the North Britons cannot easily be acquitted of national partiality; who, instead of a bonnet and thistle, which would have been no incompetent reward, have insisted on his right to a crown of laurel.

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'Tis mine a perfect pile to raise, for all
Must own the wondrous structure of Fingal!'
No less a miracle, than if a Turk
A mosque should raise up of Mosaic work.
Next Mallet came; Mallet, who knows each art,
The ear to tickle, and to soothe the heart;
Who with a goose-quill, like a magic rod,
Transforms a Scotish peer[35] into a god.
Oh! matchless Mallet, by one stroke to clear,
One lucky stroke, four hundred pounds a year!
Long round a court poor Gay dependent hung,
(And yet most trimly[36] has the poet sung)
Twice six revolving years vain-hoping pass'd,
And unrewarded went away at last. [strain,
Again dame Prudence checks the madd'ning
And thus advises, wisely, though in vain:
'Ah, Spur! enlisted in a luckless cause,
Who pelf despising, seeks for vain applause,
Thy will how stubborn, and thy wit how small,
To think a muse can ever thrive on gall!
Then timely throw thy venom'd shafts aside,
Choose out some fool, blown up with power and pride,—
Be flattery thy arrow, this thy butt,
And praise the devil for his cloven foot.'
The counsel's good;—but how shall I subscribe,
Who scorn to flatter, and detest a bribe?

* * * * * * *

[35] For taking part with the Earl of Bute in some political disputes, Mallet was rewarded by the office of Keeper of the Book of Entries for ships in the port of London, in the year 1763.

[36] 'He told me, once upon a day,
Trim are thy sonnets, gentle Gay.'
Prolog. to the Shepherd's Week.

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In voice most weak, in sentiment most strong,
Like Milton, murder'd in an eunuch's song;
With honesty no malice e'er could shame,
With prejudices hunger ne'er could tame;
With judgment sometimes warp'd, but oft refin'd,
Next Cleland came—the champion of mankind!
Who views, contented with his little state,
Wealth squander'd by the partial hand of fate;
And, whilst dull rogues the joys of life partake,
Lives, a great patriot—on a mutton steak!

Dreaming of genius, which he never had,
Half-wit, half-fool, half-critic, and half-mad;
Seizing, like Shirley, on the poet's lyre,
With all the rage, but not one spark of fire;
Eager for slaughter, and resolv'd to tear
From others' brows that wreath he must not wear,
Next Kenrick came; all-furious, and replete
With brandy, malice, pertness, and conceit.
Unskill'd in classic lore, through envy blind
To all that's beauteous, learned, or refin'd;
For faults alone behold the savage prowl,
With reason's offal glut his ravening soul;
Pleas'd with his prey, its inmost blood he drinks,
And mumbles, paws, and turns it—till it stinks.

Erect he stood, nor deign'd one bow to Fame,
Then bluntly thus:—'Will Kenrick is my name.
Who are these minions crowding to thy fane?
Poets! 'pshaw! scribblers, impotent and vain;
The chaplet's mine—I claim it, who inherit
Dennis's rage, and Milbourne's glorious spirit [37].

[37] Dennis and Milbourne, two things called Critics, damned to immortality for being the persecutors of Dryden and Pope.

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Struck with amazement, Fame, who ne'er had seen
A face so brazen, and so pert a mien,
Calmly replied—'Vain-boaster, go thy way,
And prove more furious, and more dull than they.'
Then Brown appear'd:—with such an air he mov'd,
As show'd him confident and self-approv'd.
Poor, injur'd, honour'd Pope! the bard on thee
Has clapp'd a rusty lock without a key [38]:
Thus, when enraptur'd, we attempt to rove
Through all the sweets of the Pierian grove,
The gate, alas! is strongly barr'd: and all
That taste the sweets must climb the rugged wall.
Reverent he bow'd, and thus address'd the throne:
'One boon, oh! grant me, and the day's my own!
When the shrill trumpet calls the rival train
To scour with nimble feet the dusty plain;
Let not the dread professor, Lowth, appear,
To freeze thy votary's shivering soul with fear,
Tear the fine form, perhaps of all I've writ,
And drown me in a deluge of his wit.'
Next Vaughan [39] appear'd; he smil'd, and strok'd his chin,
And, pleas'd to think his carcass was so thin,

[38] Alluding to the 'Essay on Satire,' by Dr. Brown, prefixed to the second volume of Pope's works, which the reader of no discernment might mistake for the production of that immortal genius, unless he is lucky enough to stumble upon the title-page. It has often been a matter of astonishment, how it came there; as there is no such privilege in Mr. Pope's will, bequeathed to the editor, together with the property of his works.

[39] Vaughan was a friend of Murphy, and wrote two farces. Churchill introduces him in the Rosciad as

'Vaughan or Dapper, call him which you will.'

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So moulded for the Race, while self-dubb'd worth
Beam'd from his eyes, he hemm'd—and thus held
forth:
'Goddess, your slave;—'tis true I draw the quill,
Sometimes through anger, not to show my skill[40];
Yet all must own, spite of the Bear's[41] report,
There's obvious merit in my keen retort:
Though Flexney (oh! his ignorance confound!)
Sells its contents to grocers by the pound,
And, deaf to genius, and its pleas to fame,
Puts it to purposes——unfit to name.
Then, since no profit from the Muse I draw,
You can't refuse me praise, and so your ta—!'
The goddess laugh'd:—and who could well contain,
To see such foplings skip around her fane? [heart
Next Churchill came—his face proclaim'd a
That scorn'd to wear the smooth address of art,
Strongly mark'd out that firm unconquer'd soul,
Which nought on earth could bias or control.
He bow'd—when all sneer at his want of grace[42]
And uncouth form, ill-suited for the Race;
While he contemptuous smil'd on all around,
And thus address'd her in a voice profound[43]:

[40] *Facit indignatio versus.*] Let no one pretend to say, that even anger has not its good effects, since we owe the immortal works both of a Juvenal and a Vaughan to their being roused by a spirit of resentment.

[41] A name by which the late Mr. Churchill was distinguished, on account (as we suppose) of the rough manner in which he handled the gentle bards who were so unlucky as to come within reach of his poetical paws.

[42] Not spiritual grace, but grace in making a bow; or, if the reader must be let into the secret, this may refer to the cavils of the critics in general, against the unharmoniousness of his numbers.

[43] Mr. Churchill, as a scholar, is here supposed well acquainted with that general maxim in oratory, *Loquere ore rotundo*, which is here rendered 'a voice profound.'

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'Goddess, these gnatlings move not me at all,
I come by just decrees to stand or fall.
When first the daring bard aspires to sing,
To check the sallies of his infant wing,
Critics not only try (your pardon, Fame,
To you a stranger is the critic's name,)
But ev'ry blockhead, who pretends to write,
Would damp his vigour, and retard his flight.
Critics, oh Fame! are *things* compos'd between
The two ingredients, Ignorance and Spleen;
Who, like the daw, would infamously tear
The shining plumes they see another wear;
That, thus unfeather'd by these wretched elves,
All may appear as naked as themselves.
'Hard is the task in such a cause to' engage,
With fools and knaves eternal war to wage,
By fears or partial feelings unsubdued,
To hurl defiance at so vast a crowd;
To stand the teizing of their little spleen,
So oft to clear the witling-crowded scene;
From vice and folly tear the foul disguise,
And crush at once the Hydras as they rise.
Yet on I will—unaw'd by slavish fears,
Till gain'd the glorious cause, or lost my ears.'
Next from the temple six poetic cubs,
With him whose humble Muse delights in shrubs [44],
And commentator Fawkes—let Woty tell,
Alone who sees, how much he can excel,
Who wipes all doubts from sacred texts away,
Clear as the skies upon a misty day;
Bard, critic, and divine—with upturn'd eyes
Dejected virtue to the goddess cries,
'What ways and means for raising the supplies!'

[44] The Shrubs of Parnassus were published in 1760.

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Awhile demurring who should move the pleas,
Fawkes claim'd the right, from having ta'en degrees:
'Combin'd, dear Woty, sure we ne'er can fail,
Ill speak—do thou hold up the cassock's tail.'
He hemm'd—then haw'd—then bow'd, and thus began:
'Oh Fame! propitious view the friendly plan.
See Law on Gospel cast a social look,
And Moses side with Lyttelton and Coke:
Let not a partnership, unknown before,
In vain for favour and for bays implore [45];
But guide thy votary's feet across the plain,
While gentle Woty bears the sable train;
And crown'd with conquest, amply to reward
So mean an office in so great a bard;
Six days in seven I'll the wreath resign,
Only on Sundays be its honours mine.' [vanc'd
Reverent he bow'd:—then Bickerstaff [46] ad-
His sing-song Muse, by vast success enhanc'd;
Who, when fair Wright [47], destroying Reason's fence,
Inveigles our applause, in spite of sense,
With syren voice our juster rage confounds,
And clothes sweet nonsense in delusive sounds;
Pertly commends the judgment of the town,
And arrogates the merit as his own;
Talks of his taste! how well each air was bit!
While printers and their devils praise his wit;
And, wrapp'd in warm surtout of self-conceit,
Defies the critic's cold, and poet's heat.

[45] Fawkes and Woty published the Poetical Calendar in editorial conjunction.

[46] Isaac Bickerstaff, the writer of many popular English operas.

[47] Afterwards Mrs. Arne.

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He ey'd the rabble round, and thus began:
'Goddess! I wonder at the pride of man!
Fellows, whose accents never yet have hung
On skilful Beard's or Brent's harmonious song,
Dare here approach, who chatter like a parrot,
But hardly "know a sheep's head from a carrot[48];"
Whose tasteless lines ne'er grac'd a royal stage,
Nor charm'd a tuneful crotchet-loving age!
Prove then, oh Goddess! to my labours kind,
And let the sons of Dulness lag behind,
While hoity-toity, whisky-frisky[49], I
On ballad-wings spring forth to victory.'
So sure!—but justice stops thee in thy flight,
And damns thy labours to eternal night,
Brands that success which boasts no just pretence
To genius, judgment, wit, or common sense;
But who for taste shall dare prescribe the laws,
Or stop the torrent of the mob's applause?
In thought sublim'd, next Elphinston came forth,
And thus harangu'd the goddess on his worth:
''Tis mine, oh Fame! full fraught with Attic lore,
Long-lost pronunciation to restore,
Of letters to reform each vile abuse,
And bring the Grecian *kappa*[50] into use,
Tully once more his proper name shall know,
Restor'd its ancient sound of Kikero.

[48] See Love in a Village, a comic opera, printed in 1762.
[49] A favourite word of this author. See Education, a poem.
[50] Mr. Elphinston intends to lay before the public his reasons for giving C always the sound of the Grecian K. which will certainly give a softness and dignity to the expressions of many other sounds in our language, as well as this instanced by the author.

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First, from my native tongue, 'tis mine to' expel
The superfluities of E and L,
To' unveil the long conceal'd recess of truth,
And teach betimes to bend the pliant youth;
To point the means of proper recreation,
And prove no "whetter equals emulation [51]?"
In song didactic as I move to draw
The proper rules for study and for taw,
In taste for sacred writings to refine us,
And show the odds 'twixt Daniel and Longinus;
To criticise, instruct, and prove, in metre,
Tully's a perfect blockhead to St. Peter:
Deign then, oh Fame! to satisfy my lore,
Who've wrote as mortal man ne'er wrote before;
Broke through all pedant rules of mood and tense,
And nobly soar'd beyond the reach of sense.
He bow'd:—then Arne swift bolted through the throng,
Renown'd for all the various powers of song:
Sweet as the Thracian's whose melodious woe
Mov'd the stern tyrant of the shades below;
Or that, by which the faithless syren charms,
And woos the sailor, shipwreck'd in her arms:
Soft as the notes which Phœbus did employ
To raise the glories of ill-fated Troy;
Or those which banish'd Reason could recall,
And bring the Devil capering out of Saul.
But, not contented with his crotchet-praise,
Lo! he adventures for the poets bays!
No more is genius rear'd in classic schools,
But falls, like Fortune, on the heads of fools:
Dull dogmas, thunder'd from the pedant's mouth,
No more shall tire the ear-belabour'd youth;

[51] See his poem entitled 'Education.'

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Since bards now spring without the pains of lashing,
Like Arne and Duck, from fiddling and from thrashing.
'Oh, Fame!' he cries, 'with kind attention hear
The cause why I thy candidate appear.
Ere yet the outwitted Guardian crawl'd to light.
Four smother'd brats I doom'd to endless night[52]:
Abash'd, lest any thing less fair should prove
Unworthy Arne and thy maternal love.
But here behold a babe, to whom belong
The double gift of eloquence and song;
Who, not like other infants born or bred,
Sprung forth, like Pallas, from its daddy's head;
On me then, Fame, oh! let thy favours fall,
And show that Tommy Arne outwits 'em all!'
Here F * * s rais'd his head, though last not least,
A wanton poet, and a solemn priest;
By turns through life each character we mark,
A priest by day, a poet in the dark;
Yet each at will the Proteus can forsake,
Now politician, now commences rake,
Nay worse—(if Fame says true) panders for love,
And acts the Mercury to a lustful Jove.
Now grave he sits, and checks the' unhallow'd jest,
Whilst his sage precepts cool each amorous breast;
Now strips the priest's disguise, awakes desire,
Tells the lewd tale, and fans the dying fire:
All poz'd, despair his character to paint,
And wonder how the devil they lost the saint!
Next from the different theatres came forth
A score at least, of self-sufficient worth;
Each claims the chaplet, or protests his wrong,
A prologue this had wrote, and that a song;

[52] See the preface to the 'Guardian Outwitted.'

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Forth from the crowd a general hissing flies,
To see such triflers arrogate the prize;
But fully bent this day the Goddess came,
To hear with patience every coxcomb's claim.
Here endless groups on groups from every street,
Popes, Shakspeares, Johnsons——in their own conceit,
With hopes elate advance, and ardour keen,
Whom not one Muse had ever heard or seen;
Who still write on, though hooted and disgrac'd,
And damn the public for their want of taste.
Oh, Vanity! whose far-extended sway
Nations confess, and potentates obey,
How vast thy reign!—Say, where, oh! where's the man
His own defects who boldly dares to scan?
Just to himself—Ev'n now, whilst I incline
To paint the votaries kneeling at thy shrine,
Whilst others' follies freely I impart,
Thy power resistless flutters round my heart,
Prompts me this common weakness to disclose,
(Myself the very coxcomb I expose.)
And, ah! too partial to my lays and me,
My kind—yet cruel friends—soon shall you see
The culprit-muse, whose idle sportive vein
No views can bias, and no fears restrain, [grace,
(Thus female thieves, though threaten'd with dis-
Must still be fingering dear forbidden lace,)
Dragg'd without mercy to that awful bar
Where Spleen with Genius holds eternal war;
And there, her final ruin to fulfil,
Condemn'd by butchers, pre-resolv'd to kill,
In vain her youth shall for compassion plead,
Ev'n for a syllable the wretch shall bleed;

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And, spite of all the friendship you can show,
Be made a public spectacle of woe.
But hold, though sentenc'd—manners! and be
Derrick appears to move his kingly suit. [mute—
'Goddess, I come not here for fame to vie,
(A master of the ceremonies I.)
Since re-enthron'd at Bath I now appear,
This day appoint me to that station here;
In nicest order I'll conduct the whole,
All riot and indecency control. [soul!
For know, this pigmy frame contains a mighty
Nay, let me urge a more important claim,
'Twas I first gave the strumpets' list [53] to fame,
Their age, size, qualities, if brown or fair, [hair.
Whose breath was sweetest, whose the brightest
Display'd each various dimple, smile, and frown,
Pimp-generalissimo to all the town!
From this what vast advantages accrue!
Thus each may choose the maid of partial hue;
Know to whose bed he has the best pretensions,
And buy the Venus of his own dimensions.
'Nor yet a stranger to the tuneful Nine,
Songs, prologues, and meandering odes are mine,
Such jeux d'esprit as best becomes a king,
And gentle epigrams—without a sting.
The fam'd Domitian still before my eyes,
Who ne'er for pastime murder'd aught but flies;
Nay—let my Muse boast gentler sport than he,
Since fly or gnat was never hurt by me;
By me, though seated in monarchal state,
And, spite of Harrington [54], whose will is fate.'

[53] A most infamous pamphlet, entitled 'Harris's List.'
[54] The musical and well-known Dr. Harrington of Bath.

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Here rais'd the little monarch on his toe,
And smil'd contempt on printers' boys below.
He spoke:—The goddess thus replied:—'My son,
'Tis time the business of the day were done;
Enjoy what thou demand'st—up yonder tree
Climb expeditious, that the crowd may see;
This flag, the signal to begin, hang out,
And quell the tumult of the rabble rout.
'But stay, methinks, while round the field I gaze,
Amid the various claimants for the bays,
One favourite bard escapes my notice—say,
My dear Melpomene, on such a day,
Why is not thy beloved Shenstone here?'—
The Muse was silent—sob'd—and dropt a tear.
And now the trumpet's sound, by Fame's command,
Proclaims the hour of starting is at hand.
Now round the goal the various heroes press,
While hope and fear alternately possess
Each anxious breast: in order here they rise,
And panting stand impatient for the prize:
Scarce can they wait till Derrick takes his place,
And waves the flag, as signal for the race.
But, lo!—a crowd upon the plain appear,
With Descaizeau slow-pacing in the rear;
Mason and Thompson, Ogilvy and Hayes,
And he whose hand has pluck'd a sprig of bays
On Rhœtia's barren hills [55]:—onward they move;
But now too late their various powers to prove,
Some future day may fair occasion yield
To weigh their several merits in the field:
For see! the bards, with expectation rife,
Stand strip'd, and ready for the glorious strife:

[55] See the Traveller, a poem, by Goldsmith.

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And monarch Derrick would attempt in vain
Their furious ardour longer to restrain.
The flag display'd, promiscuous forth they bound,
And shake with clattering feet the powder'd ground;
Equal in flight there two dispute the race,
With envious strife, and measure pace for pace.
Straight all is uproar and tumultuous din;
This tumbles down, another breaks his shin;
That swears his puffing neighbour stinks of gin.
Each jostles each, a wrangling, madding train,
While loud, 'To order,' Derrick calls in vain.
Stuck fast in mire here some desponding lay,
And grinning yield the glories of the day.
For, maugre all primeval bards have sung,
Steep is the road to Fame, and clog'd with dung.
Borne on the wings of hope now Murphy flies,
Vain hope! for Fate the wish'd-for boon denies;
Arriv'd where scavengers, the night before,
Had left their gleanings from the common shore,
With head retorted, as he fearful spied
The giant Churchill thundering at his side,
Sudden he tript, and, piteous to tell!
Prone in the filth the hapless poet fell. [57]
'Distanc'd, by G—!' roars out a rustic 'squire,
He must give out, thus sous'd in dung and mire.'
Lord March replies, 'I'll hold you six to ten,
Spite of the t—d, he'll rise and run again.'

[57] The very same misfortune happens to Oilean Ajax, in the Iliad, who also makes a speech to the same effect:

Accursed Fate, the conquest I forego,
A mortal I, a goddess was my foe!
She urg'd her favourite on the rapid way;
And Pallas, not Ulysses, won the day.

A noble precedent, and sufficient for authorizing so low an incident in this poem.

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A burst of laughter echoes all around,
While, sputtering dirt, and scrabbling from the ground,
'Cease, fools, your mirth, nor sneer at my disgrace,
This cursed bog, not Churchill, won the race;
And sure, who such disasters can foresee,
Must be a greater conjurer than me.'
While Churchill, careless, triumphs in his fall,
Up to the gulf his jaded rivals crawl;
Here some the watchful harpies on the shore
Plunge in—ah! destin'd to return no more!—
While others, wondering, view them as they sink,
And, scar'd, stand quivering on the dreadful brink.
Now rous'd the hero, by the trumpet's sound,
Turns from his rueful foe, and stares around;
No bard he views behind—but all have pass'd
Him, heedless of their flight, and now the last.
Stung at the thought, with double force he springs,
Rage gives him strength, and emulation wings:
The ground regain'd—'Stand clear,' he sternly said,
'Who bars my passage, horror on his head!'—
Unhappy Dapper! doom'd to meet thy fate,
Why heard'st thou not the menace ere too late?
Fir'd with disdain, he spurn'd the witling's breech,
And headlong hurl'd him in Oblivion's ditch;
Then instant bounding high with all his main,
O'erleap'd its utmost bounds, and scour'd along the plain.
Sour critics, frowning, view'd him as he fled;
Spite bit her nails, and Dulness scratch'd her head.
The gulf once pass'd, no obstacle remains,
Smooth is the path, midst flower-enamell'd plains;
Unrival'd now, with joyful speed he flies,
Performs the destin'd race, and claims the prize.

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Fame gives the chaplet, while the tuneful Nine
The' acknowledg'd victor hail in notes divine.
Smollet stood grumbling by the fatal ditch;
Hill call'd the goddess whore, and Jones a bitch;
Each curs'd the partial judgment of the day,
And, greatly disappointed, sneak'd away.

THE SNOW-BALL.

A CANTATA.

RECITATIVE.

As Harriot, wanton as the sportive roe,
Was pelting Strephon with the new-fall'n snow;
The' enamour'd youth, who'd long in vain admir'd,
By every look and every gesture fir'd,
While round his head the harmless bullets fly,
Thus breathes his passion, prefac'd with a sigh.

AIR.

'Cease, my charmer, I conjure thee,
Oh! cease this pastime too severe;
Though I burn, snow cannot cure me,
Fix'd is the flame that rages here.

'Snow in thy hand its chillness loses,
Each flake converts to glowing fire;
Whilst thy cold breast all warmth refuses,
Thus I, by contraries, expire.'

RECITATIVE.

'At humble distance thus to tell your pain,
What should you meet but coldness and disdain?'

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Replied the laughing fair—'Observe the snow,
The sun retir'd, broods o'er the vale below,
But when approaching near he gilds the day,
It owns the genial flame and melts away.'

AIR.

'Whining in this love-sick strain,
Strephon, you will sigh in vain;
For your passion thus to prove,
Moves my pity, not my love.
Phœbus points you to the prize,
Take the hint, be timely wise:
Other arts perhaps may move,
And ripen pity into love.'

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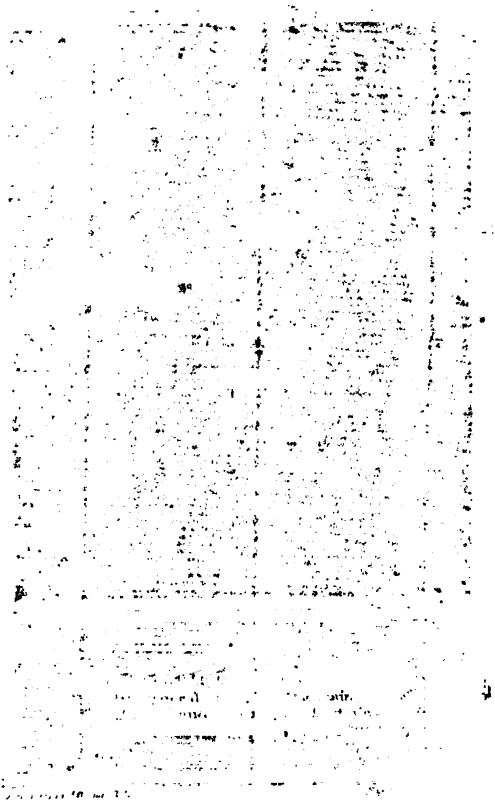

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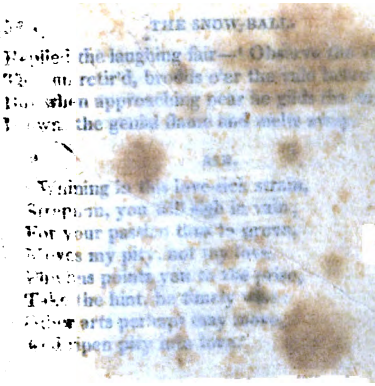

LEUCATE.

Hung o'er the margin of the main,
Her fixd and earnest eyeballs strain.
Monimia.

Drawn by Richd Westall, R.A. Engraved by Jas. Gardon.

Published 1st Jan.y 1807 by John Harpe, Piccadilly.

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THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

JOHN LOGAN.

COLLATED WITH THE BEST EDITIONS:

BY

THOMAS PARK, ESQ. F.S.A.

LONDON:
Printed at the Stanhope Press,
BY CHARLES WHITTINGHAM,
103, *Gerwell Street*;
FOR J. SHARPE; AND SOLD BY W. SUTTABY,
STATIONERS' COURT, LUDGATE STREET.

1807.

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ODES.

TO

THE CUCKOO.

HAIL, beauteous stranger of the grove!
Thou messenger of Spring!
Now heav'n repairs thy rural seat,
And woods thy welcome sing.

What time the daisy decks the green,
Thy certain voice we hear;
Hast thou a star to guide thy path,
Or mark the rolling year?

Delightful visitant! with thee
I hail the time of flowers,
And hear the sound of music sweet
From birds among the bowers.

The school-boy, wandering through the wood
To pull the primrose gay,
Starts, the new voice of Spring to hear,
And imitates thy lay.

What time the pea puts on the bloom
Thou fliest thy vocal vale,
An annual guest in other lands,
Another Spring to hail.

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Sweet bird! thy bower is ever green,
Thy sky is ever clear;
Thou hast no sorrow in thy song,
No winter in thy year!

O could I fly, I'd fly with thee!
We'd make, with joyful wing,
Our annual visit o'er the globe,
Companions of the Spring.

ON THE

DEATH OF A YOUNG LADY.

The peace of Heaven attend thy shade,
My early friend, my favourite maid!
When life was new, companions gay,
We hail'd the morning of our day.

Ah, with what joy did I behold
The flower of beauty fair unfold!
And fear'd no storm to blast thy bloom,
Or bring thee to an early tomb!

Untimely gone! for ever fled
The roses of the cheek so red;
The' affection warm, the temper mild,
The sweetness that in sorrow smil'd.

Alas! the cheek where beauty glow'd;
The heart where goodness overflow'd,
A clod amid the valley lies,
And 'dust to dust' the mourner cries.

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O from thy kindred early torn,
And to thy grave untimely borne!
Vanish'd for ever from my view,
Thou sister of my soul, adieu!

Fair, with my first ideas twin'd,
Thine image oft will meet my mind;
And, while remembrance brings thee near,
Affection sad will drop a tear.

How oft does sorrow bend the head,
Before we dwell among the dead!
Scarce in the years of manly prime,
I've often wept the wrecks of time.

What tragic tears bedew the eye!
What deaths we suffer ere we die!
Our broken friendships we deplore,
And loves of youth that are no more!

No after-friendship e'er can raise
The' endearments of our early days;
And ne'er the heart such fondness prove,
As when at first began to love.

Affection dies, a vernal flower;
And love, the blossom of an hour;
The spring of fancy cares control,
And mar the beauty of the soul.

Vers'd in the commerce of deceit,
How soon the heart forgets to beat!
The blood runs cold at Interest's call:—
They look with equal eyes on all.

Then lovely Nature is expell'd,
And Friendship is romantic held;
Then Prudence comes with hundred eyes:
The veil is rent—the vision flies.

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The dear illusions will not last;
The era of enchantment's past;
The wild romance of life is done;
The real history is begun.

The sallies of the soul are o'er,
The feast of fancy is no more;
And ill the banquet is supplied
By form, by gravity, by pride.

Ye gods! whatever ye withhold,
Let my affections ne'er grow old;
Ne'er may the human glow depart,
Nor Nature yield to frigid Art!

Still may the generous bosom burn,
Though doom'd to bleed o'er beauty's urn;
And still the friendly face appear,
Though moisten'd with a tender tear!

TO WOMEN.

Ye virgins! fond to be admir'd,
With mighty rage of conquest fir'd,
And universal sway;
Who heave the' uncover'd bosom high,
And roll a fond, inviting eye,
On all the circle gay!

You miss the fine and secret art
To win the castle of the heart,
For which you all contend;
The coxcomb tribe may crowd your train,
But you will never, never gain
A lover, or a friend.

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If this your passion, this your praise,
To shine, to dazzle, and to blaze,
You may be call'd divine:
But not a youth beneath the sky
Will say in secret, with a sigh,
'O were that maiden mine!'

You marshal, brilliant, from the box,
Fans, feathers, diamonds, castled locks,
Your magazine of arms;
But 'tis the sweet sequester'd walk,
The whispering hour, the tender talk,
That gives your genuine charms.

The nymph-like robe, the natural grace,
The smile, the native of the face,
Refinement without art;
The eye where pure affection beams,
The tear from tenderness that streams,
The accents of the heart:

The trembling frame, the living cheek,
Where, like the morning, blushes break
To crimson o'er the breast;
The look where sentiment is seen,
Fine passions moving o'er the mien,
And all the soul exprest:

Your beauties these: with these you shine,
And reign on high by right divine,
The sovereigns of the world;
Then to your court the nations flow;
The Muse with flowers the path will strew,
Where Venus' car is hurl'd.

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From dazzling deluges of snow,
From summer-noon's meridian glow,
We turn our aching eye,
To Nature's robe of vernal green,
To the blue curtain, all serene,
Of an autumnal sky.

The favourite tree of Beauty's queen,
Behold the myrtle's modest green,
The virgin of the grove!
Soft from the circlet of her star,
The tender turtles draw the car
Of Venus and of Love.

The growing charm invites the eye;
See morning gradual paint the sky
With purple and with gold!
See spring approach with sweet delay!
See rosebuds open to the ray,
And leaf by leaf unfold!

We love the' alluring line of grace,
That leads the eye a wanton chase,
And lets the fancy rove;
The walk of beauty ever bends,
And still begins, but never ends
The labyrinth of love.

At times, to veil is to reveal,
And to display is to conceal;
Mysterious are your laws!
The vision finer than the view;
Her landscape Nature never drew
So fair as Fancy draws.

Digitized by Google

A beauty, carelessly betray'd,
Enamours more, than if display'd
All woman's charms were given;
And, o'er the bosom's vestal white,
The gauze appears a robe of light,
That veils, yet opens, heaven.

See virgin Eve, with graces bland
Fresh blooming from her Maker's hand,
In orient beauty beam!
Fair on the river-margin laid,
She knew not that her image made
The angel in the stream.

Still ancient Eden blooms your own;
But artless Innocence alone
Secures the heavenly post;
For if, beneath an angel's mien,
The serpent's tortuous train is seen,
Our Paradise is lost.

O Nature, Nature, thine the charm!
Thy colours woo, thy features warm,
Thy accents win the heart!
Parisian paint of every kind
That stains the body or the mind,
Proclaims the harlot's art.

The midnight minstrel of the grove,
Who still renews the hymn of love,
And wooes the wood to hear;
Knows not the sweetness of his strain,
Nor that, above the tuneful train,
He charms the lover's ear.

Digitized by Google

The zone of Venus, heavenly-fine,
Is Nature's handy-work divine,
And not the web of Art;
And they who wear it never know
To what enchanting charm they owe
The empire of the heart.

WRITTEN IN SPRING.

No longer hoary Winter reigns,
No longer binds the streams in chains,
Or heaps with snow the meads;
Array'd with robe of rainbow-dye,
At last the Spring appears on high,
And, smiling o'er earth and sky,
Her new creation leads.

The snows confess a warmer ray,
The loosen'd streamlet loves to stray,
And echo down the dale;
The hills uplift their summits green,
The vales more verdant spread between,
The cuckoo in the wood unseen
Coos ceaseless to the gale.

The rainbow arching wooes the eye
With all the colours of the sky,
With all the pride of Spring;
Now heaven descends in sunny showers,
The sudden fields put on the flowers,
The green leaves wave upon the bowers,
And birds begin to sing.

Digitized by Google

The cattle wander in the wood,
And find the wanton verdant food,
  Beside the well-known rills;
Blithe in the sun the shepherd-swain
Like Pan attunes the pastoral strain,
While many echoes send again
  The music of the hills.

At eve, the primrose path along,
The milkmaid shortens with a song
  Her solitary way;
She sees the fairies, with their queen,
Trip hand-in-hand the circled green,
And hears them raise at times, unseen,
  The ear-enchanting lay.

Maria, come! Now let us rove,
Now gather garlands in the grove,
  Of every new-sprung flower;
We'll hear the warblings of the wood,
We'll trace the windings of the flood;
O come, thou fairer than the bud
  Unfolding in a shower!

Fair as the lily of the vale,
That gives its bosom to the gale
  And opens in the sun;
And sweeter than thy favourite dove,
The Venus of the vernal grove,
Announcing to the choirs of love,
  Their time of bliss begun.

Now, now thy spring of life appears,
Fair in the morning of thy years,

Digitized by Google

And May of beauty crown'd:
Now vernal visions meet thine eyes,
Poetic dreams to fancy rise,
And brighter days in better skies;—
Elysium blooms around.

Now, now's the morning of thy day;
But, ah! the morning flies away,
And youth is on the wing;
'Tis Nature's voice, 'O pull the rose,
Now while the bud in beauty blows,
Now while the opening leaves disclose
The incense of the Spring!'

What youth, high favour'd of the skies,
What youth shall win the brightest prize
That Nature has in store?
Whose conscious eyes shall meet with thine;
Whose arms thy yielding waist entwine;
Who, ravish'd with thy charms divine,
Requires of heaven no more!

Not happier the primæval pair,
When new-made earth, supremely fair,
Smil'd on her virgin Spring;
When all was fair to God's own eye,
When stars consenting sung on high,
And all Heaven's chorus made the sky
With hallelujahs ring.

Devoted to the Muses' choir,
I tune the Caledonian lyre
To themes of high renown:—
No other theme than you I'll choose,

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Than you invoke no other Muse:
Nor will that gentle hand refuse
Thy bard with bays to crown.

Where hills by storied streams ascend,
My dreams and waking wishes tend
Poetic ease to woo;
Where fairy fingers curl the grove,
Where Grecian spirits round me rove,
Alone enamour'd with the love
Of Nature and of you!

TO SLEEP.

In vain I court till dawning light,
The coy divinity of night;
Restless, from side to side I turn,
Arise, ye musings of the morn!

Oh, Sleep! though banish'd from those eyes,
In visions fair to Delia rise;
And o'er a dearer form diffuse
Thy healing balm, thy lenient dews.

Blest be her night as infant's rest,
Lull'd on the fond maternal breast,
Who, sweetly-playful, smiles in sleep,
Nor knows that he is born to weep.

Remove the terrors of the night,
The phantom-forms of wild affright,
The shrieks from precipice or flood,
And starting scene that swims with blood.

Digitized by Google

Lead her aloft to blooming bowers,
And beds of amaranthine flowers,
And golden skies, and glittering streams,
That paint the paradise of dreams.

Venus! present a lover near,
And gently whisper in her ear
His woes, who, lonely and forlorn,
Counts the slow clock from night till morn.

Ah! let no portion of my pain,
Save just a tender trace, remain;
Asleep consenting to be kind,
And wake with Daphnis in her mind.

TO A YOUNG LADY.

MARIA, bright with beauty's glow,
In conscious gaiety you go
The pride of all the park:
Attracted groups in silence gaze,
And soft behind you hear the praise
And whisper of the spark.

In fancy's airy chariot whirl'd,
You make the circle of the world,
And dance a dizzy round:
The maids and kindling youths behold
Your triumph o'er the envious old,
The queen of Beauty crown'd.

Where'er the beams of fortune blaze,
Or fashion's whispering zephyr plays,

Digitized by Google

The insect tribe attends;
Gay-glittering through a summer's day,
The silken myriads melt away
Before a sun descends.

Divorc'd from elegant delight,
The vulgar Venus holds her night
An alien to the skies;
Her bosom breathes no finer fire,
No radiance of divine desire
Illumes responsive eyes.

Gods! shall a sordid son of earth
Enfold a form of heavenly birth,
And ravish joys divine;
An angel bless unconscious arms?
The circle of surrendered charms
Unhallowed hands entwine?

The absent day; the broken dream;
The vision wild; the sudden scream;
Tears that unbidden flow!——
Ah! let no sense of griefs profound
That beauteous bosom ever wound
With unavailing woe!

The wild enchanter youth beguiles,
And fancy's fairy landscape smiles
With more than Nature's bloom;
The spring of Eden paints your bowers,
Unsetting suns your promis'd hours
With golden light illume.

A hand, advancing, strikes the bell!
That sound dissolves the magic spell,

Digitized by Google

And all the charm is gone!
The visionary landscape flies:
At once the' aërial music dies;
In wilds you walk alone.

Howe'er the wind of Fortune blows,
Or sadly-severing Fate dispose
Our everlasting doom;
Impressions never felt before,
And transports to return no more,
Will haunt me to the tomb!

My God! the pangs of nature past,
Will e'er a kind remembrance last
Of pleasures sadly sweet?
Can love assume a calmer name?
My eyes with friendship's angel-flame
An angel's beauty meet?

Ah! should that first of finer forms
Require, through life's impending storms,
A sympathy of soul;
The loved Maria of the mind
Will send me, on the wings of wind,
To Indus or the Pole.

TO A MAN OF LETTERS.

Lo, winter's hoar dominion past!
Arrested in his eastern blast
The fiend of nature flies;
Breathing the spring, the zephyrs play,
And re-inthron'd the lord of day
Resumes the golden skies.

Digitized by Google

Attendant on the genial hours,
The voluntary shades and flowers
For rural lovers spring;
Wild choirs unseen in concert join,
And round Apollo's rustic shrine
The sylvan Muses sing.

The finest vernal bloom that blows,
The sweetest voice the forest knows,
Arise to vanish soon;
The rose unfolds her robe of light,
And Philomela gives her night
To Richmond and to June.

With bounded ray, and transient grace,
Thus, Varro, holds the human race
Their place and hour assign'd;
Loud let the venal trumpet sound,
Responsive never will rebound
The echo of mankind.

Yon forms divine that deck the sphere,
The radiant rulers of the year,
Confess a nobler hand;
Thron'd in the majesty of morn,
Behold the king of day adorn
The skies, the sea, the land.

Nor did the' Almighty raise the sky,
Nor hang the' eternal lamps on high
On one abode to shine;
The circle of a thousand suns
Extends, while nature's period runs
The theatre divine.

Digitized by Google

Thus some, whom smiling nature hails
To sacred springs, and chosen vales,
And streams of old renown;
By noble toils and worthy scars,
Shall win their mansion mid the stars,
And wear the' immortal crown.

Bright in the firmament of fame
The lights of ancient ages flame
With never setting ray,
On worlds unfound from history torn,
O'er ages deep in time unborn,
To pour the human day.

Won from neglected wastes of time,
Apollo hails his fairest clime,
The provinces of mind;
An Egypt [1], with eternal towers,
See Montesquieu redeem the hours,
From Lewis, to mankind.

No tame remission genius knows;
No interval of dark repose,
To quench the' ethereal flame;
From Thebes to Troy the victor lies,
And Homer with his hero vies
In varied paths to fame.

The orb which rul'd thy natal night,
And usher'd in a greater light

[1] The finest provinces of Egypt, gained from a neglected waste.

Digitized by Google

Than sets the pole on fire,
With undiminish'd lustre crown'd,
Unwearied walks the' eternal round,
Amid the heavenly quire.

Proud in triumphal chariot hurl'd,
And crown'd the masters of the world,
Ah! let not Philip's son,
His soul in Syrian softness drown'd,
His brows with Persian garlands bound,
The race of pleasure run!

With crossing thoughts Alcides prest,
The awful goddess thus address'd,
And pointing to the prize:
'Behold the wreath of glory shine!
And mark the onward path divine
That opens to the skies!

'The heavenly fire must ever burn,
The hero's step must never turn
From yon sublime abodes:
Long must thy life of labours prove
At last to die the son of Jove,
And mingle with the gods.'

Digitized by Google

MONIMIA.

AN ODE.

In weeds of sorrow wildly 'dight,
Alone beneath the gloom of night,
Monimia went to mourn;
She left a mother's fond alarms;
She left a father's folding arms;
Ah! never to return!

The bell had struck the midnight hour,
Disastrous planets now had power,
And evil spirits reign'd;
The lone owl, from the cloister'd aisle,
O'er falling fragments of the pile,
Ill-boding prophet, 'plain'd.

While down her devious footsteps stray,
She tore the willows by the way,
And gaz'd upon the wave;
Then raising wild to Heaven her eyes,
With sobs and broken accent, cries,
'I'll meet thee in the grave.'

Bright o'er the border of the stream,
Illumin'd by a transient beam,
She knew the wonted grove;
Her lover's hand had deck'd it fine,
And roses mix'd with myrtles twine
To form the bower of love.

Digitized by Google

The tuneful Philomela rose,
And, sweetly-mournful, sung her woes,
Enamour'd of the tree;
Touch'd with the melody of woe,
More tender tears began to flow:
'She mourns her mate, like me.

'I lov'd my lover from a child,
And sweet the youthful cherub smil'd,
And wanton'd o'er the green;
He train'd my nightingale to sing,
He spoil'd the gardens of the spring,
To crown me rural queen.

'My brother died before his day;
Sad, through the church-yard's dreary way,
We wont to walk at eve;
And bending o'er the' untimely urn,
Long at the monument to mourn,
And look upon his grave.

'Like forms funereal while we stand,
In tender mood he held my hand,
And laid his cheek to mine;
My bosom beat unknown alarms,
We wept in one another's arms,
And mingled tears divine.

'From sweet compassion love arose,
Our hearts were wedded by our woes,
And pair'd upon the tomb;
Attesting all the Powers above,
A fond romance of fancied love
We vow'd our days to come.

Digitized by Google

'A wealthy lord from Indian skies,
Illustrious in my parent's eyes,
Implor'd a mutual mind;
Sad to my chamber I withdrew,
But Harry's footsteps never flew
The wonted scene to find.

'Three nights in dire suspense I sat
Alone; the fourth convey'd my fate,
Sent from a foreign shore;—
"Go where thy wandering wishes tend,
Go, and embrace thy father's friend,
You never see me more!"—

'Despair! distraction! I obey'd,
And one disorder'd moment made
An ever-wretched wife;
Ah! in the circuit of one sun,
Heaven! I was wedded and undone,
And desolate for life!

'Apart my wedding robes I tore,
And guarded tears now gushing o'er
Distain'd the bridal bed:
Wild I invok'd the funeral yell,
And sought devoted now to dwell
For ever with the dead.

'My lord to Indian climates went;
A letter from my lover sent
Renew'd eternal woes;—
"Before my love my last words greet,
Wrapt in the weary winding-sheet,
I in the dust repose!

Digitized by Google

" Perhaps your parents have deceiv'd,
Perhaps too rashly I believ'd
A tale of treacherous art;
Monimia! could you now behold
The youth you lov'd in sorrows old,
Oh! it would break thy heart!

" Now in the grave for ever laid,
A constant solitary shade,
Thy Harry hangs o'er thee!
For you I fled my native sky:
Loaded with life, for you I die;
My love, remember me!"

' Of all the promises of youth,
The tears of tenderness and truth,
The throbs that lovers send;
The vows in one another's arms,
The secret sympathy of charms;
My God! is this the end!'

She said, and rushing from the bower,
Devoted sought in evil hour
The promontory steep;
Hung o'er the margin of the main,
Her fix'd and earnest eyeballs strain
The dashing of the deep:

' Waves that resound from shore to shore!
Rocks loud rebellowing to the roar
Of ocean, storm and wind;
Your elemental war is tame,
To that which rages in my frame,
The battle of the mind!'

Digitized by Google

With downcast eye and musing mood,
A lurid interval she stood,
The victim of despair;
Her arms then tossing to the skies,
She pour'd in Nature's ear her cries,
'My God! my father! where!'—

Wild on the summit of the steep
She ruminated long the deep,
And felt her freezing blood;
Approaching feet she heard behind,
Then swifter than the winged wind
She plung'd into the flood,

Her form emerging from the wave
Both parents saw, but could not save;
The shriek of death arose!
At once she sunk to rise no more;
And sadly sounding to the shore
The parted billows close!

WRITTEN

IN A VISIT TO THE COUNTRY IN AUTUMN.

'Tis past! No more the Summer blooms
Ascending in the rear,
Behold congenial Autumn comes,
The sabbath of the year!
What time thy holy whispers breathe,
The pensive evening shade beneath,
And twilight consecrates the floods;
While Nature strips her garment gay,
And wears the vesture of decay,
O let me wander through the sounding woods.

Digitized by Google

Ah! well-known streams! Ah! wonted groves,
Still pictur'd in my mind!
Oh! sacred scene of youthful loves,
Whose image lives behind!
While sad I ponder on the past,
The joys that must no longer last;
The wild-flower strown on Summer's bier,
The dying music of the grove,
And the last elegies of love,
Dissolve the soul, and draw the tender tear!

Alas! the hospitable hall,
Where youth and friendship play'd,
Wide to the winds a ruin'd wall
Projects a death-like shade!
The charm is vanish'd from the vales;
No voice with virgin-whisper hails
A stranger to his native bowers:
No more Arcadian mountains bloom,
Nor Enna valleys breathe perfume,
The fancied Eden fades with all its flowers!

Companions of the youthful scene,
Endear'd from earliest days!
With whom I sported on the green,
Or rov'd the woodland maze!
Long-exil'd from your native clime,
Or by the thunder-stroke of Time
Snatch'd to the shadows of despair;
I hear your voices in the wind,
Your forms in every walk I find,
I stretch my arms: ye vanish into air!

Digitized by Google

My steps, when innocent and young,
These fairy paths pursued;
And wandering o'er the wild, I sung
My fancies to the wood.
I mourn'd the linnet-lover's fate,
Or turtle from her murder'd mate,
Condemn'd the widow'd hours to wail:
Or while the mournful vision rose,
I sought to weep for imag'd woes,
Nor real life believ'd a tragic tale!

Alas! misfortune's cloud unkind
May Summer soon o'ercast;
And cruel fate's untimely wind
All human beauty blast!
The wrath of Nature smites our bowers,
And promis'd fruits, and cherish'd flowers,
The hopes of life in embryo sweeps;
Pale o'er the ruins of his prime,
And desolate before his time,
In silence sad the mourner walks and weeps!

Relentless power! whose fated stroke
O'er wretched man prevails!
Ha! love's eternal chain is broke,
And friendship's covenant fails!
Upbraiding forms! a moment's ease—
O memory! how shall I appease
The bleeding shade, the unlaid ghost?
What charm can bind the gushing eye?
What voice console the' incessant sigh,
And everlasting longings for the lost?

Digitized by Google

Yet not unwelcome waves the wood,
That hides me in its gloom,
While lost in melancholy mood
I muse upon the tomb.
Their chequer'd leaves the branches shed,
Whirling in eddies o'er my head,
They sadly sigh, that Winter's near:
The warning voice I hear behind,
That shakes the wood without a wind,
And solemn sounds the death-bell of the year.

Nor will I court Lethean streams,
The sorrowing sense to steep;
Nor drink oblivion of the themes
On which I love to weep.
Belated oft by fabled rill,
While nightly o'er the hallow'd hill
Aërial music seems to mourn;
I'll listen Autumn's closing strain;
Then woo the walks of youth again,
And pour my sorrows o'er the' untimely urn!

Digitized by Google

MISCELLANIES.

SONG.

THE BRAES OF YARROW.

'THY braes were bonny, Yarrow stream!
When first on them I met my lover;
Thy braes how dreary, Yarrow stream!
When now thy waves his body cover!
For ever now, O Yarrow stream!
Thou art to me a stream of sorrow;
For never on thy banks shall I
Behold my love, the flower of Yarrow.

'He promis'd me a milk-white steed,
To bear me to his father's bowers;
He promis'd me a little page,
To 'squire me to his father's towers;
He promis'd me a wedding-ring,—
The wedding-day was fix'd to-morrow;—
Now he is wedded to his grave,
Alas, his watery grave, in Yarrow!

'Sweet were his words when last we met;
My passion I as freely told him!
Clasp'd in his arms, I little thought
That I should never more behold him!

Digitized by Google

Scarce was he gone, I saw his ghost;
It vanish'd with a shriek of sorrow;
Thrice did the water-wraith ascend,
And gave a doleful groan through Yarrow.

'His mother from the window look'd,
With all the longing of a mother;
His little sister weeping walk'd
The green-wood path, to meet her brother:
They sought him east, they sought him west,
They sought him all the forest thorough;
They only saw the cloud of night,
They only heard the roar of Yarrow!

'No longer from thy window look,
Thou hast no son, thou tender mother;
No longer walk, thou lovely maid!
Alas, thou hast no more a brother!
No longer seek him east or west,
And search no more the forest thorough;
For, wandering in the night so dark,
He fell a lifeless corse in Yarrow.

'The tear shall never leave my cheek,
No other youth shall be my marrow;
I'll seek thy body in the stream,
And then with thee I'll sleep in Yarrow.'—
The tear did never leave her cheek,
No other youth became her marrow;
She found his body in the stream,
And now with him she sleeps in Yarrow.

Digitized by Google

SONG.

THE day is departed, and round from the cloud
The moon in her beauty appears;
The voice of the nightingale warbles aloud
The music of love in our ears:
Maria, appear! now the season so sweet
With the beat of the heart is in tune;
The time is so tender for lovers to meet
Alone by the light of the moon.

I cannot when present unfold what I feel,
I sigh——Can a lover do more?
Her name to the shepherds I never reveal,
Yet I think of her all the day o'er.
Maria, my love! Do you long for the grove?
Do you sigh for an interview soon?
Does e'er a kind thought run on me as you rove
Alone by the light of the moon?

Your name from the shepherds whenever I hear
My bosom is all in a glow; [ear
Your voice when it vibrates so sweet through mine
My heart thrills—my eyes overflow.
Ye powers of the sky! will your bounty divine
Indulge a fond lover his boon?
Shall heart spring to heart, and Maria be mine,
Alone by the light of the moon?

Digitized by Google

THE LOVERS.

The Lovers, in the following Poem, were descended of houses that had been long at variance. The Lady is first introduced as leaving her father's house, and venturing out in the darkness of the night to meet with her Lover. They meet at the appointed hour. The rest of the dialogue passes in the chariot.

HARRIET.

'Tis midnight dark: 'tis silence deep;
My father's house is hush'd in sleep;
In dreams the lover meets his bride,
She sees her lover at her side;
The mourner's voice is now suppress,
Awhile the weary are at rest:
'Tis midnight dark; 'tis silence deep;
I only wake, and wake to weep.

The window's drawn, the ladder waits,
I spy no watchman at the gates:
No tread re-echoes through the hall,
No shadow moves along the wall.
I am alone. 'Tis dreary night,—
O come, thou partner of my flight!
Shield me from darkness, from alarms;
O take me trembling to thine arms!

The dog howls dismal in the heath,
The raven croaks the dirge of death;
Ah me! disaster's in the sound!
The terrors of the night are round;

Digitized by Google

A sad mischance my fears forebode,
The demon of the dark's abroad,
And lures, with apparition dire,
The night-struck man through flood and fire.

The howlet screams ill-boding sounds,
The spirit walks unholy rounds;
The wizard's hour eclipsing rolls;
The shades of hell usurp the poles;
The moon retires; the heaven departs—
From opening earth a spectre starts:
My spirit dies——Away my fears,
My love, my life, my lord appears!

HENRY.

I come, I come, my love! my life!
And nature's dearest name, my wife!
Long have I lov'd thee; long have sought;
And dangers brav'd and battles fought;
In this embrace our evils end:
From this our better days ascend;
The year of suffering now is o'er,
At last we meet to part no more!
My lovely bride! my consort, come!
The rapid chariot rolls thee home.

HARRIET.

I fear to go——I dare not stay.
Look back.——I dare not look that way.

HENRY.

No evil ever shall betide
My love, while I am at her side.

Digitized by Google

Lo! thy protector and thy friend;
The arms that fold thee will defend.

HARRIET.

Still beats my bosom with alarms:
I tremble while I'm in thy arms!
What will impassion'd lovers do?
What have I done—to follow you?
I leave a father torn with fears;
I leave a mother bath'd in tears;
A brother girding on his sword
Against my life, against my lord.

Now, without father, mother, friend,
On thee my future days depend;
Wilt thou, for ever true to love,
A father, mother, brother prove?
O Henry!—to thy arms I fall,
My friend! my husband! and my all!
Alas! what hazards may I run?
Shouldst thou forsake me—I'm undone.

HENRY.

My Harriet, dissipate thy fears,
And let a husband wipe thy tears;
For ever join'd our fates combine,
And I am yours, and you are mine.
The fires the firmament that rend,
On this devoted head descend,
If e'er in thought from thee I rove,
Or love thee less than now I love!
Although our fathers have been foes,
From hatred stronger love arose;

Digitized by Google

From adverse briars that threatening stood,
And threw a horror o'er the wood,
Two lovely roses met on high,
Transplanted to a better sky,
And, grafted in one stock, they grow,
In union spring, in beauty blow.

HARRIET.

My heart believes my love; but still
My boding mind presages ill:
For luckless ever was our love,
Dark as the sky that hung above.
While we embrac'd, we shook with fears,
And with our kisses mingled tears:
We met with murmurs and with sighs,
And parted still with watery eyes.
An unforeseen and fatal hand
Cross'd all the measures Love had plann'd
Intrusion marr'd the tender hour,
A demon started in the bower:
If, like the past, the future run,
And my dark day is but begun,
What clouds may hang above my head!
What tears may I have yet to shed!

HENRY.

O do not wound that gentle breast;
Nor sink, with fancied ills opprest;
For softness, sweetness, all thou art,
And love is virtue in thy heart.
That bosom ne'er shall heave again
But to the poet's tender strain;
And never more these eyes o'erflow
But for a hapless lover's woe.

Digitized by Google

Long on the ocean tempest-tost,
At last we gain the happy coast;
And safe recount upon the shore
Our sufferings past, and dangers o'er:
Past scenes; the woes we wept erewhile
Will make our future minutes smile:
When sudden joy from sorrow springs,
How the heart thrills through all its strings!

HARRIET.

My father's castle springs to sight;
Ye towers that gave me to the light!
O hills! O vales! where I have play'd,
Ye woods, that wrapt me in your shade!
O scenes I've often wander'd o'er!
O scenes I shall behold no more!
I take a long, last, lingering view:
Adieu! my native land adieu!
O father, mother, brother dear!
O names still utter'd with a tear!
Upon whose knees I've sat and smil'd,
Whose griefs my blandishments beguil'd;
Whom I forsake in sorrows old,
Whom I shall never more behold!
Farewell, my friends, a long farewell,
Till time shall toll the funeral knell!

HENRY.

Thy friends, thy father's house resign;
My friends, my house, my all is thine.
Awake, arise, my wedded wife,
To higher thoughts and happier life!
For thee the marriage feast is spread,
For thee the virgins deck the bed;

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The star of Venus shines above,
And all thy future life is love.
They rise, the dear domestic hours!
The May of Love unfolds her flowers;
Youth, beauty, pleasure spread the feast,
And friendship sits a constant guest;
In cheerful peace the morn ascends,
In wine and love the evening ends;
At distance grandeur sheds a ray,
To gild the evening of our day.

Connubial love has dearer names,
And finer ties, and sweeter claims,
Than e'er unwedded hearts can feel,
Than wedded hearts can e'er reveal;
Pure, as the charities above,
Rise the sweet sympathies of love;
And closer cords than those of life
Unite the husband to the wife.
Like cherubs new-come from the skies,
Henries and Harriets round us rise;
And playing wanton in the hall,
With accent sweet their parents call;
To your fair images I run;
You clasp the husband in the son;
O how the mother's heart will bound!
O how the father's joy be crown'd!

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A TALE.

WHERE pastoral Tweed, renown'd in song,
With rapid murmur flows;
In Caledonia's classic ground
The hall of Arthur rose.

A braver Briton never arm'd
To guard his native isle;
A gentler friend did never make
The social circle smile.

Twice he arose, from rebel rage
To save the British crown;
And in the field where heroes strove
He won him high renown.

But to the ploughshare turn'd the sword,
When bloody war did cease;
And in the arbour which he rear'd
He raised the song of peace.

An only daughter in his age
Solac'd a father's care;
And all the country blest the name
Of Emily the fair.

The picture of her mother's youth,
(Now sainted in the sky);
She was the angel of his age,
And apple of his eye.

Something unseen o'er all her form
Did nameless grace impart;
A secret charm that won the way
At once into the heart.

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Her eye the pure ethereal blue,
  Than that did fairer show,
Whene'er she watch'd a father's look,
  Or wept a lover's woe:

For now the lover of her youth
  To Indian climes had rov'd,
To conquer fortune's cruel rage,
  And match the maid he lov'd.

Her voice, the gentle tone of love,
  The heart a captive stole;
The tender accent of her tongue
  Went thrilling through the soul.

The graces that for Nature fair
  Present us mimic Art,
The false refinements that refine
  Away the human heart,

She knew not; in the simple robe
  Of elegance and ease,
Complete she shone, and ever pleas'd,
  Without the thought to please.

Instruct the' unplanted forest-crab
  To leave its genius wild;
Subdue the monster of the wood,
  And make the savage mild:

But who would give the rose a hue
  Which Nature has not given?
But who would tame the nightingale,
  Or bring the lark from heaven?

The father, watching o'er his child,
  The joy of fathers found;
And, blest himself, he stretch'd his hand
  To bless the neighbours round.

Digitized by Google

A patriarch in the vale of peace,
To all he gave the law;
The good he guarded in their rights,
And kept the bad in awe.

Lord of his own paternal field,
He liberal dealt his store;
And call'd the stranger to his feast,
The beggar to his door.

But, ah! what mortal knows the hour
Of fate? A hand unseen
Upon the curtain ever rests,
And sudden shifts the scene.

Arthur was surety for his friend,
Who fled to foreign climes,
And left him to the gripe of law,
The victim of his crimes.

The sun that, rising, saw him lord
Of hill and valley round,
Beheld him, at his setting hour,
Without one foot of ground.

Forth from the hall, no longer his,
He is a pilgrim gone;
And walks a stranger o'er the fields
He lately call'd his own.

The blast of winter whistled loud
And shrill through the void hall;
And heavy on his hoary locks
The shower of night did fall.

Clasp'd in his daughter's trembling hand,
He journey'd sad and slow;
At times he stopt to look behind,
And tears began to flow.

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Wearied, and faint, and cold, and wet,
To shelter he did hie;
'Beneath the covert of this rock,
My daughter, let us die!'

At midnight, in the weary waste,
In sorrow sat the pair;
She chaf'd his shivering hands, and wrung
The water from his hair.

The sigh spontaneous rose, the tear
Involuntary flow'd;
No word of comfort could she speak,
Nor would she weep aloud.

'In yonder hall my fathers liv'd,
In yonder hall they died;
Now in that church-yard's aisle they sleep,
Each by his spouse's side.

'Oft have I made yon hall resound
With social, sweet delight;
And marked not the morning hour,
That stole upon the night.

'When there the wanderers of the dark,
Reposing, ceas'd to roam;
And strangers, happy in the hall,
Did find themselves at home:

'I little thought that, thus forlorn,
In deserts I should bide,
And have not where to lay the head
Amid the world so wide!'

A stranger, wandering through the wood,
Beheld the hapless pair;
Long did he look in silence sad,
Then shriek'd, as in despair.

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He ran, and lowly at the feet
Of his late lord he fell;
'Alas, my Master, have I lived
To bid your house farewell!

'But I will never bid adieu
To him I priz'd so high:
As with my Master I have lived,
I'll with my Master die.

'I saw the summer-friend, who shar'd
The banquet in your hall,
Depart, nor cast one look behind
On the forsaken wall.

'I saw the daily, nightly guest,
The changing scene forsake;
Nor drop a tear, nor turn his steps
The long farewell to take:

'Then to the service of my lord
I vow'd a throbbing heart;
And in the changes of your life
To bear an humble part.

'Forgive the fond, officious zeal
Of one that loves his lord!
The new possessor of your field
A suppliant I implor'd.

'I told the treachery of your friend,
The story of your woe,
And sought his favour, when I saw
His tears begin to flow.

'I ask'd the hamlet of the hill,
The lone, sequester'd seat,
Your chosen haunt and favourite bower,
To be your last retreat.

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'I offer'd, what was all your own,
The gold I had in store;
Low at his feet I fell, and wept
That I could give no more.'

"Your gold is yours," the generous youth
With gentle accent said;
"Your Master's be that little field,
And cheerful be his shed!"

'Now Heaven has heard my pray'r; I've wish'd
I could in part repay
The favours your extended hand
Bestow'd from day to day.

'I yet may see a garland green
Upon the hoary head;
Yet see my Master blest, before
I dwell among the dead!'

In silence Arthur look'd to Heav'n,
And clasp'd his Edwin's hand;
The eyes of Emily in tears
Express'd affection bland.

From opening Heaven the moon appear'd;
Fair was the face of night;
Bright in their beauty shone the stars;
The air was flowing light.

Arthur resum'd the pilgrim's staff;
They held their lonely way
Dim through the forest's darksome bourne,
Till near the dawning day.

Then a long line of ruddy light,
That quiver'd to and fro,
Reveal'd their lone retreat, and clos'd
The pilgrimage of woe.

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He enter'd, solemn, slow, and sad,
The destin'd hermitage,
A little and a lonely hut,
To cover hapless age.

He clasp'd his daughter in his arms,
And kiss'd a falling tear;
'I have my all, ye gracious Powers!
I have my daughter here!'

A sober banquet to prepare,
Emilia cheerful goes;
The faggot blaz'd, the window glanc'd,
The heart of age arose:

'I would not be that guilty man,
With all his golden store;
Nor change my lot with any wretch,
That counts his thousands o'er.

'Now here at last we are at home,
We can no lower fall;
Low in the cottage, peace can dwell,
As in the lordly hall.

'The wants of Nature are but few;
Her banquet soon is spread:
The tenant of the vale of tears
Requires but daily bread.

'The food that grows in every field
Will life and health prolong;
And water from the spring suffice
To quench the thirsty tongue.

'But all the Indies, with their wealth,
And earth, and air, and seas,
Will never quench the sickly thirst
And craving of disease.

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'My humble garden to my hand
Contentment's feast will yield;
And, in the season, harvest white
Will load my little field.

'Like Nature's simple children, here,
With Nature's self we'll live,
And of the little that is left
Have something still to give.

'The sad vicissitudes of life
Long have I learn'd to bear;
But oh! my daughter, thou art new
To sorrow and to care!

'How shall that fine and flowery form,
In silken folds confin'd,
That scarcely fac'd the summer's gale,
Endure the wintry wind?

'Ah! how wilt thou sustain a sky
With angry tempest red!
How wilt thou bear the bitter storm
That's hanging o'er thy head!

'Whate'er thy justice dooms, O God!
I take with temper mild;
But oh! repay it thousand-fold
In blessings on my child!'

'Weep not for me, thou father fond!'
The virgin soft did say;
'Could I contribute to thy peace,
O, I would bless the day!

'The parent who provides for all
For us will now provide;
These hands have learn'd the gayer arts
Of elegance and pride:

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'What once amus'd a vacant hour,
Shall now the day engage;
And Vanity shall spread the board
Of Poverty and Age.

'At eventide, how blithe we'll meet,
And, while the faggots blaze,
Recount the trifles of the time,
And dream of better days!

'I'll read the tragic tales of old,
To sooth a father's woes;
I'll lay the pillow for thy head,
And sing thee to repose.'

The father wept: 'Thy wondrous hand,
Almighty, I adore!
I had not known how blest I was,
Had I not been so poor!

'Now blest be God for what is reft!
And blest for what is given!
Thou art an angel, O my child!
With thee I dwell in Heaven!'

Then, in the garb of ancient times,
They trod the pastoral plain:
But who describes a summer's day,
Or paints the halcyon main?

One day, a wanderer in the wood
The lonely threshold prest;
'Twas then that Arthur's humble roof
Had first received a guest.

The stranger told his tender tale:
'I come from foreign climes;
From countries red with Indian blood,
And stain'd with Christian crimes.

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'O may Britannia never hear
What these sad eyes have seen!
May an eternal veil be drawn
That world and this between!

'No frantic avarice fir'd my soul,
And Heaven my wishes crown'd;
For soon a fortune to my mind
With innocence I found.

'From exile sad, returning home,
I kiss'd the sacred earth;
And flew to find my native woods
And walls that gave me birth.

'To church on Sunday fond I went,
In hopes to mark, unseen,
All my old friends, assembled round
The circle of the green.

'Alas, the change that time had made!
My ancient friends were gone;
Another race possess'd the walls,
And I was left alone!

'A stranger among strangers, long
I look'd from pew to pew;
But not the face of one old friend
Rose imag'd to my view.

'The horrid plough had raz'd the green,
Where we have often play'd;
The axe had fell'd the hawthorn tree,
The schoolboy's summer shade.

'One maid, the beauty of the vale,
To whom I vow'd my care,
And gave my heart, had fled away,
And none could tell me where.

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'My cares and toils in foreign climes
Were for that peerless maid;
She rose in beauty by my side:
My toils were all repaid.

'By Indian streams I sat alone,
While on my native isle,
And on my ancient friends I thought,
And wept the weary while.

''Twas she that cheer'd my captive hours,
She came in every dream,
As, smiling, on the rear of night,
Appears the morning-beam.

'In quest of her I wander, wild,
O'er mountain, stream, and plain;
And, if I find her not, I fly
To Indian climes again.'

The father thus began: 'My son,
Mourn not thy wretched fate;
For He that rules in Heaven decrees
This life a mixed state.

'The stream that carries us along,
Flows through the vale of tears;
Yet on the darkness of our day,
The bow of Heaven appears.

'The rose of Sharon, king of flowers,
Is fenc'd with prickles round;
Queen of the vale, the lily fair
Among the thorns is found.

'E'en while we raise the song, we sigh
The melancholy while;
And, down the face of mortal man,
The tear succeeds the smile.

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'Nought pure or perfect here is found;
But, when this night is o'er,
The' eternal morn will spring on high,
And we shall weep no more.

'Beyond the dim horizon far,
That bounds the mortal eye,
A better country blooms to view,
Beneath a brighter sky.'—

Unseen, the trembling virgin heard
The stranger's tale of woe;
Then enter'd, as an angel bright,
In beauty's highest glow.

The stranger rose—he look'd, he gaz'd—
He stood a statue pale;
His heart did throb, his cheek did change,
His faltering voice did fail.

At last, 'My Emily herself,
Alive in all her charms!'
The father kneel'd; the lovers rush'd
To one another's arms.

In speechless ecstasy entranc'd
Long while they did remain;
They glow'd, they trembled, and they sobb'd,
They wept, and wept again.

The father lifted up his hands
To bless the happy pair;
Heaven smil'd on Edward the belov'd,
And Emily the fair.

Digitized by Google

OSSIAN's HYMN TO THE SUN.

O THOU whose beams the sea-girt earth array,
King of the sky, and father of the day!
O Sun! what fountain, hid from human eyes,
Supplies thy circle round the radiant skies,
For ever burning, and for ever bright,
With heaven's pure fire, and everlasting light?
What awful beauty in thy face appears!
Immortal youth, beyond the power of years!

When gloomy darkness to thy reign resigns,
And from the gates of morn thy glory shines,
The conscious stars are put to sudden flight,
And all the planets hide their heads in night;
The queen of heaven forsakes the' ethereal plain,
To sink inglorious in the western main.
The clouds refulgent deck thy golden throne,
High in the heavens, immortal and alone!
Who can abide the brightness of thy face!
Or who attend thee in thy rapid race!
The mountain oaks, like their own leaves decay;
Themselves the mountains wear with age away;
The boundless main that rolls from land to land,
Lessens at times, and leaves a waste of sand;
The silver moon, refulgent lamp of night,
Is lost in heaven, and emptied of her light;
But thou for ever shalt endure the same,
Thy light eternal, and unspent thy flame.

When tempests with their train impend on high,
Darken the day, and load the labouring sky;

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When heaven's wide convex glows with lightnings dire,
All ether flaming, and all earth on fire:
When loud and long the deep-mouth'd thunder rolls,
And peals on peals redoubled, rend the poles;
If from the opening clouds thy form appears,
Her wonted charm the face of Nature wears;
Thy beauteous orb restores departed day,
Looks from the sky, and laughs the storm away.

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HYMNS.

THE

PRAYER OF JACOB,

O God of Abraham! by whose hand
  Thy people still are fed;
Who, through this weary pilgrimage,
  Hast all our fathers led!

Our vows, our prayers, we now present
  Before thy throne of grace;
God of our fathers, be the God
  Of their succeeding race.

Through each perplexing path of life
  Our wandering footsteps guide;
Give us by day our daily bread,
  And raiment fit provide.

O spread thy covering wings around,
  Till all our wanderings cease,
And at our fathers' lov'd abode
  Our feet arrive in peace.

Now with the humble voice of prayer
  Thy mercy we implore;
Then with the grateful voice of praise
  Thy goodness we'll adore.

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THE

COMPLAINT OF NATURE.

Few are thy days and full of woe,
O man of woman born!
Thy doom is written, 'Dust thou art,
And shalt to dust return.'

Determin'd are the days that fly
Successive o'er thy head;
The number'd hour is on the wing,
That lays thee with the dead.

Alas! the little day of life
Is shorter than a span;
Yet black with thousand hidden ills
To miserable man.

Gay is thy morning; flattering hope
Thy sprightly step attends;
But soon the tempest howls behind,
And the dark night descends.

Before its splendid hour the cloud
Comes o'er the beam of light;
A pilgrim in a weary land,
Man tarries but a night.

Behold! sad emblem of thy state,
The flowers that paint the field;
Or trees, that crown the mountain's brow,
And boughs and blossoms yield.

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When chill the blast of winter blows,
Away the summer flies,
The flowers resign their sunny robes,
And all their beauty dies.

Nipt by the year, the forest fades;
And, shaking to the wind,
The leaves toss to and fro, and streak
The wilderness behind.

The winter past, reviving flowers
Anew shall paint the plain:
The woods shall hear the voice of spring,
And flourish green again:

But man departs this earthly scene,
Ah! never to return!
No second spring shall e'er revive
The ashes of the urn.

The' inexorable doors of death
What hand can e'er unfold?
Who from the cer'ments of the tomb
Can raise the human mould?

The mighty flood that rolls along
Its torrents to the main,
The waters lost can ne'er recal
From that abyss again.

The days, the years, the ages, dark
Descending down to night,
Can never, never be redeem'd
Back to the gates of light.

So man departs the living scene,
To night's perpetual gloom;
The voice of morning ne'er shall break
The slumbers of the tomb.

Digitized by Google

Where are our fathers? Whither gone
The mighty men of old?
The patriarchs, prophets, princes, kings,
In sacred books enroll'd?—

'Gone to the resting-place of man,
The everlasting home,
Where ages past have gone before,
Where future ages come.'

Thus Nature pour'd the wail of woe,
And urg'd her earnest cry;
Her voice in agony extreme
Ascended to the sky.

The' Almighty heard: then from his throne
In majesty he rose;
And from the heaven, that open'd wide,
His voice in mercy flows:

'When mortal man resigns his breath,
And falls a clod of clay,
The soul immortal wings its flight,
To never-setting day.

'Prepar'd of old for wicked men
The bed of torment lies;
The just shall enter into bliss
Immortal in the skies.'

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TRUST IN PROVIDENCE.

ALMIGHTY Father of mankind,
On thee my hopes remain;
And when the day of trouble comes,
I shall not trust in vain.

Thou art our kind Preserver, from
The cradle to the tomb;
And I was cast upon thy care,
Ev'n from my mother's womb.

In early years thou wast my guide,
And of my youth the friend:
And as my days began with thee,
With thee my days shall end.

I know the Power in whom I trust,
The arm on which I lean;
He will my Saviour ever be,
Who has my Saviour been.

In former times, when trouble came,
Thou didst not stand afar;
Nor didst thou prove an absent friend
Amid the din of war.

My God, who causedst me to hope,
When life began to beat,
And when a stranger in the world,
Didst guide my wandering feet;

Thou wilt not cast me off, when age
And evil days descend;
Thou wilt not leave me in despair,
To mourn my latter end.

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Therefore in life I'll trust to thee,
In death I will adore;
And after death will sing thy praise,
When time shall be no more.

HEAVENLY WISDOM.

O HAPPY is the man who hears
Instruction's warning voice,
And who celestial Wisdom makes
His early, only choice.

For she has treasures greater far
Than east or west unfold,
And her reward is more secure
Than is the gain of gold.

In her right hand she holds to view
A length of happy years;
And in her left, the prize of fame
And honour bright appears.

She guides the young, with innocence,
In pleasure's path to tread,
A crown of glory she bestows
Upon the hoary head.

According as her labours rise,
So her rewards increase,
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her paths are peace.

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BEHOLD! the mountain of the Lord
In latter days shall rise
Above the mountains and the hills,
And draw the wondering eyes.

To this the joyful nations round,
All tribes and tongues, shall flow;
Up to the hill of God, they'll say,
And to his house we'll go.

The beam that shines on Zion hill
Shall lighten every land;
The King who reigns in Zion towers
Shall all the world command.

No strife shall vex Messiah's reign,
Or mar the peaceful years,
To ploughshares soon they beat their swords,
To pruning-hooks their spears.

No longer hosts encountering hosts,
Their millions slain deplore;
They hang the trumpet in the hall,
And study war no more.

Come then—O come from every land,
To worship at his shrine;
And, walking in the light of God,
With holy beauties shine.

Digitized by Google

BEHOLD! the' Ambassador divine,
Descending from above,
To publish to mankind the law
Of everlasting love!

On him, in rich effusion pour'd,
The heavenly dew descends;
And truth divine he shall reveal
To earth's remotest ends.

No trumpet-sound, at his approach,
Shall strike the wondering ears;
But still and gentle breathe the voice
In which the God appears.

By his kind hand the shaken reed
Shall raise its falling frame;
The dying embers shall revive,
And kindle to a flame.

The onward progress of his zeal
Shall never know decline,
Till foreign lands and distant isles
Receive the law divine.

He who spread forth the arch of heaven,
And bade the planets roll,
Who laid the basis of the earth,
And form'd the human soul,—

Digitized by Google

Thus saith the Lord, 'Thee have I sent,
A Prophet from the sky,
Wide o'er the nations to proclaim
The message from on high.

'Before thy face the shades of death
Shall take to sudden flight;
The people who in darkness dwell
Shall hail a glorious light;

'The gates of brass shall sunder burst,
The iron fetters fall;
The promis'd jubilee of Heaven
Appointed rise o'er all.

'And lo! presaging thy approach,
The heathen temples shake,
And trembling in forsaken fanes,
The fabled idols quake.

'I am Jehovah: I am One:
My name shall now be known;
No idol shall usurp my praise,
Nor mount into my throne.'

Lo, former scenes, predicted once,
Conspicuous rise to view;
And future scenes, predicted now,
Shall be accomplish'd too.

Now sing a new song to the Lord!
Let earth his praise resound:
Ye who upon the ocean dwell,
And fill the isles around.

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O city of the Lord! begin
The universal song;
And let the scatter'd villages
The joyful notes prolong.

Let Kedar's wilderness afar
Lift up the lonely voice;
And let the tenants of the rock
With accent rude rejoice.

O from the streams of distant lands
Unto Jehovah sing!
And joyful from the mountains' tops
Shout to the Lord the King!

Let all combin'd with one accord
Jehovah's glories raise,
Till in remotest bounds of earth
The nations sound his praise.

MESSIAH! at thy glad approach
The howling wilds are still;
Thy praises fill the lonely waste,
And breathe from every hill.

The hidden fountains, at thy call,
Their sacred stores unlock;
Loud in the desert, sudden streams
Burst living from the rock.

The incense of the spring ascends
Upon the morning gale:
Red o'er the hill the roses bloom,
The lilies in the vale.

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Renew'd, the earth a robe of light,
A robe of beauty wears;
And in new heavens a brighter Sun
Leads on the promis'd years.

The kingdom of Messiah come,
Appointed times disclose;
And fairer in Emmanuel's land
The new creation glows.

Let Israel to the Prince of Peace
The loud hosannah sing!
With hallelujahs and with hymns,
O Zion, hail thy King!

When Jesus, by the Virgin brought,
So runs the law of heaven,
Was offer'd holy to the Lord,
And at the altar given;

Simeon the just and the devout,
Who, frequent in the fane,
Had for the Saviour waited long,
But waited still in vain,

Came, heaven-directed, at the hour
When Mary held her son;
He stretched forth his aged arms,
While tears of gladness run:

With holy joy upon his face
The good old father smil'd,
While fondly in his wither'd arms
He clasp'd the promis'd child.

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And then he lifted up to heaven
An earnest asking eye;
'My joy is full, my hour is come,
Lord! let thy servant die.

'At last my arms embrace my Lord,
Now let their vigour cease;
At last my eyes my Saviour see,
Now let them close in peace!

'The star and glory of the land
Hath now begun to shine;
The morning that shall gild the globe
Breaks on these eyes of mine!'

WHERE high the heavenly temple stands,
The house of God not made with hands,
A great High-Priest our nature wears,
The Patron of Mankind appears.

He who for men in mercy stood,
And pour'd on earth his precious blood,
Pursues in heaven his plan of grace,
The Guardian God of human race.

Though now ascended up on high,
He bends on earth a brother's eye,
Partaker of the human name,
He knows the frailty of our frame.

Our fellow-sufferer yet retains
A fellow-feeling of our pains;
And still remembers in the skies
His tears, and agonies, and cries.

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In every pang that rends the heart,
The Man of Sorrows had a part;
He sympathises in our grief,
And to the sufferer sends relief.

With boldness, therefore, at the throne
Let us make all our sorrows known,
And ask the aids of heavenly power,
To help us in the evil hour!

FINIS.

C. WHITTINGHAM, *Printer*, 103, Goswell Street.

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THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

GEORGE, LORD LYTTELTON.

COLLATED WITH THE BEST EDITIONS:

BY

THOMAS PARK, F.S.A.

LONDON:

Printed at the Stanhope Press,

BY WHITTINGHAM AND ROWLAND,
Goswell Street;

PUBLISHED BY SUTTABY, EVANCE, AND HUTCHINGS, STATIONERS' COURT, LUDGATE STREET; SHARPE AND HAILES, PICCADILLY; AND TAYLOR AND HESSEY, FLEET STREET.

1811.

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Published 1 June 1784, by John Sharpe, Piccadilly.

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LYTTELLTON.

'Tis princely Petsworth's noble dame
'Tis Egremont — Go, tell it, Fame!

Virtue and Fame.

Painted by Mr. Westall R.A. *Engraved by J. W. Tomkins*

Published 1 Jan. 1804, by John Sharpe, Piccadilly.

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ENCOMIUMS ON LYTTELTON.

FROM THOMSON'S SPRING.

THESE are the sacred feelings of thy heart,
Thy heart inform'd by reason's purer ray,
O LYTTELTON, the friend!—thy passions thus
And meditations vary, as at large, [stray'st,
Courting the Muse, through Hagley-Park thou
Thy British Tempé.—Thence abstracted oft,
You wander through the philosophic world;
Where in bright train continual wonders rise,
Or to the curious or the pious eye.
And oft conducted by historic Truth,
You tread the long extent of backward time:
Planning, with warm benevolence of mind,
And honest zeal unwarp'd by party-rage,
Britannia's weal: how from the venal gulf
To raise her virtue and her arts revive.
Or, turning thence thy view, these graver thoughts
The Muses charm: while, with sure taste refin'd,
You draw the inspiring breath of ancient song;
Till nobly rises, emulous, thy own.

FROM LOFFT'S PRAISES OF POETRY.

HIS faithful lyre no giddy passion mov'd,
Nor the light sallies of inconstant youth;
But conjugal affection unreprov'd,
Tribute to dear regret and holy truth!

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Whose true politeness temper'd manly sense:
Whom Slander's poisonous arrows fear'd to strike,
Scatter'd at random o'er the world alike:
Whose chastest thought shun'd all unjust offence;
All wantonness of cruelty;
All wrong to honour, virtue, decency:
His eloquence not idly blaz'd,
Nor falsely dazzled, daringly amaz'd,
Champion of fraud and of impiety;
But lighten'd history; and nobly rose
True to his GOD and SAVIOUR; dar'd oppose
An age profane, and impious raillery:
Whose life condemn'd, whose tranquil death
Gave witness, to his latest breath,
How impotent to his, their vain philosophy.
Bounteous he was; yet Avarice dar'd not blame:
Frugal; yet Folly could not call him mean:
Virtue he sought, and reap'd uncurted fame:
In ease not idle; and in storms serene.
All-honour'd LYTTELTON! thy worth,
While any live true merit to revere,
Like a pure stream of light,
Left here behind in thy soul's parting flight [1],
Shall animate us here,
And shine for ever friendly to mankind.
Should every other breast e'en thee forget,
Yet never should the Muse:
Never could she thy memory quit;
Never to Virtue's call her aid refuse:
But still she should restore to fame
Thy much-lov'd image, and revive thy name.

[1] Written about Sept. 1773, on Lord Lyttelton's death.

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BLENHEIM.

WRITTEN AT THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD,

1727.

PARENT of arts, whose skilful hand first taught
The towering pile to rise, and form'd the plan
With fair proportion, architect divine,
Minerva; thee to my adventurous lyre
Assistant I invoke, that means to sing
Blenheim, proud monument of British fame,
Thy glorious work! for thou the lofty towers
Didst to his virtue raise, whom oft thy shield
In peril guarded, and thy wisdom steer'd
Through all the storms of war.—Thee too I call,
Thalia, silvan Muse, who lov'st to rove
Along the shady paths and verdant bowers
Of Woodstock's happy grove: there tuning sweet
Thy rural pipe, while all the dryad-train
Attentive listen; let thy warbling song
Paint with melodious praise the pleasing scene,
And equal these to Pindus' honour'd shades.

When Europe freed, confess'd the saving power
Of Marlborough's hand; Britain, who sent him forth
Chief of confederate hosts, to fight the cause
Of Liberty and Justice, grateful rais'd
This palace, sacred to her leader's fame:

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A trophy of success; with spoils adorn'd
Of conquer'd towns, and glorying in the name
Of that auspicious field, where Churchill's sword
Vanquish'd the might of Gallia, and chastis'd
Rebel Bavar.—Majestic in its strength,
Stands the proud dome, and speaks its great design.

Hail, happy chief, whose valour could deserve
Reward so glorious! grateful nation, hail,
Who paid'st his service with so rich a meed!
Which most shall I admire, which worthiest praise,
The hero or the people? Honour doubts,
And weighs their virtues in an equal scale.
Not thus Germania pays the' uncancel'd debt
Of gratitude to us.—Blush, Cæsar, blush,
When thou behold'st these towers; ingrate, to thee
A monument of shame! Canst thou forget
Whence they are nam'd, and what an English arm
Did for thy throne that day? But we disdain
Or to upbraid or imitate thy guilt.
Steel thy obdurate heart against the sense
Of obligation infinite; and know,
Britain, like Heaven, protects a thankless world
For her own glory, nor expects reward.

Pleas'd with the noble theme, her task the Muse
Pursues untir'd, and through the palace roves
With ever-new delight. The tapestry rich
With gold, and gay with all the beauteous paint
Of various-colour'd silks, dispos'd with skill,
Attracts her curious eye. Here Ister rolls
His purple wave: and there the Granic flood
With passing squadrons foams: here hardy Gaul
Flies from the sword of Britain; there to Greece

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Effeminate Persia yields.—In arms oppos'd,
Marlborough and Alexander vie for fame
With glorious competition; equal both
In valour and in fortune: but their praise
Be different, for with different views they fought;
This to *subdue*, and that to *free* mankind.

Now, through the stately portals issuing forth,
The Muse to softer glories turns, and seeks
The woodland shade, delighted. Not the vale
Of Tempé fam'd in song, or Ida's grove,
Such beauty boasts. Amid the mazy gloom
Of this romantic wilderness once stood
The bower of Rosamonda, hapless fair,
Sacred to grief and love; the crystal fount
In which she us'd to bathe her beauteous limbs
Still warbling flows, pleas'd to reflect the face
Of Spenser, lovely maid, when tir'd she sits
Beside its flowery brink, and views those charms
Which only Rosamond could once excel.
But see where, flowing with a nobler stream,
A limpid lake of purest waters rolls
Beneath the wide-stretch'd arch, stupendous work,
Through which the Danube might collected pour
His spacious urn! Silent awhile and smooth
The current glides, till with an headlong force
Broke and disorder'd, down the steep it falls
In loud cascades; the silver-sparkling foam
Glitters reluctent in the dancing ray.

In these retreats repos'd the mighty soul
Of Churchill, from the toils of war and state,
Splendidly private, and the tranquil joy
Of contemplation felt, while Blenheim's dome

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Triumphal ever in his mind renew'd
The memory of his fame, and sooth'd his thoughts
With pleasing record of his glorious deeds:
So, by the rage of faction home recall'd,
Lucullus, while he wag'd successful war
Against the pride of Asia, and the power
Of Mithridates, whose aspiring mind
No losses could subdue, enrich'd with spoils
Of conquer'd nations, back return'd to Rome,
And in magnificent retirement pass'd
The evening of his life.—But not alone,
In the calm shades of honourable ease,
Great Marlborough peaceful dwelt: indulgent [Heaven
Gave a companion to his softer hours,
With whom conversing, he forgot all change
Of fortune, or of state, and in her mind
Found greatness equal to his own, and lov'd
Himself in her.—Thus each by each admir'd,
In mutual honour, mutual fondness join'd;
Like two fair stars, with intermingled light,
In friendly union they together shone,
Aiding each other's brightness, till the cloud
Of night eternal quench'd the beams of one.
Thee, Churchill, first the ruthless hand of death
Tore from thy consort's side, and call'd thee hence
To the sublimer seats of joy and love;
Where fate again shall join her soul to thine,
Who now, regardful of thy fame, erects
The column to thy praise, and soothes her woe
With pious honours to thy sacred name
Immortal. Lo! where, towering in the height
Of yon aërial pillar, proudly stands
Thy image, like a guardian-god, sublime,
And awes the subject plain: beneath his feet,

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The German eagles spread their wings; his hand
Grasps victory, its slave. Such was thy brow
Majestic, such thy martial port, when Gaul
Fled from thy frown, and in the Danube sought
A refuge from thy sword.—There, where the field
Was deepest stain'd with gore, on Hochstet's plain,
The theatre' of thy glory, once was rais'd
A meaner trophy, by the' Imperial hand;
Extorted gratitude; which now the rage
Of malice impotent, beseeming ill
A regal breast, has levell'd to the ground:
Mean insult! This, with better auspices,
Shall stand on British earth, to tell the world
How Marlborough fought, for whom, and how
His services. Nor shall the constant love [repaid
Of her who rais'd this monument be lost
In dark oblivion: that shall be the theme
Of future bards in ages yet unborn,
Inspir'd with Chaucer's fire, who in these groves
First tun'd the British harp, and little deem'd
His humble dwelling should the neighbour be
Of Blenheim, house superb; to which the throng
Of travellers approaching shall not pass
His roof unnoted, but respectful hail
With reverence due. Such honour does the Muse
Obtain her favourites!—But the noble pile
(My theme) demands my voice.—O shade ador'd,
Marlborough! who now above the starry sphere
Dwell'st in the palaces of Heaven, enthron'd
Among the demi-gods, deign to defend
This thy abode, while present here below,
And sacred still to thy immortal fame,
With tutelary care. Preserve it safe
From Time's destroying hand, and cruel stroke

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Of factious Envy's more relentless rage.
Here may, long ages hence, the British youth,
When Honour calls them to the field of war,
Behold the trophies which thy valour rais'd;
The proud reward of thy successful toils
For Europe's freedom, and Britannia's fame;
That, fir'd with generous envy, they may dare
To emulate thy deeds.—So shall thy name,
Dear to thy country, still inspire her sons
With martial virtue; and to high attempts
Excite their arms, till other battles won,
And nations sav'd, new monuments require,
And other Blenheims shall adorn the land.

SOLILOQUY

OF

A BEAUTY IN THE COUNTRY.

(WRITTEN AT ETON SCHOOL.)

'Twas night; and Flavia to her room retir'd,
With evening chat and sober reading tir'd;
There, melancholy, pensive, and alone,
She meditates on the forsaken town;
On her rais'd arm reclin'd her drooping head,
She sigh'd, and thus in plaintive accents said:

'Ah! what avails it to be young and fair,
To move with negligence, to dress with care?
What worth have all the charms our pride can boast,
If all in envious solitude are lost?
Where none admire, 'tis useless to excel;
Where none are beaux, 'tis vain to be a belle;

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Beauty, like wit, to judges should be shown;
Both most are valued where they best are known.
With every grace of nature or of art,
We cannot break one stubborn country heart:
The brutes, insensible, our power defy:
To love, exceeds a 'squire's capacity.
The town, the court, is beauty's proper sphere;
That is our heaven, and we are angels there:
In that gay circle thousand Cupids rove;
The court of Britain is the court of Love:
How has my conscious heart with triumph glow'd,
How have my sparkling eyes their transport show'd,
At each distinguish'd birth-night ball to see
The homage due to empire, paid to me!
When every eye was fix'd on me alone,
And dreaded mine more than the monarch's frown;
When rival statesmen for my favour strove,
Less jealous in their power than in their love.
Chang'd is the scene, and all my glories die,
Like flowers transplanted to a colder sky;
Lost is the dear delight of giving pain,
The tyrant joy of hearing slaves complain,
In stupid indolence my life is spent,
Supinely calm, and dully innocent:
Unbless'd I wear my useless time away,
Sleep, wretched maid! all night, and dream all day;
Go at set hours to dinner and to prayer,
For dulness ever must be regular:
Now with mamma at tedious whist I play,
Now without scandal drink insipid tea,
Or in the garden breathe the country air,
Secure from meeting any tempter there;
From books to work, from work to books I rove,
And am, alas! at leisure to improve.—

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Is this the life a beauty ought to lead?
Were eyes so radiant only made to read?
These fingers, at whose touch ev'n age would glow,
Are these of use for nothing but to sew?
Sure erring Nature never could design
To form a housewife in a mould like mine?
O Venus! queen and guardian of the fair,
Attend propitious to thy votary's prayer;
Let me revisit the dear town again,
Let me be seen!—Could I that wish obtain,
All other wishes my own power would gain.'

THE PROGRESS OF LOVE.

IN FOUR ECLOGUES.

I.

UNCERTAINTY

TO MR. POPE.

POPE! to whose reed, beneath the beechen shade,
The nymphs of Thames a pleas'd attention paid,
While yet thy Muse, content with humbler praise,
Warbled in Windsor's grove her silvan lays,
Though now, sublimely borne on Homer's wing,
Of glorious wars and godlike chiefs she sing;
Wilt thou with me revisit once again
The crystal fountain and the flowery plain?
Wilt thou, indulgent, hear my verse relate
The various changes of a lover's state;
And while each turn of passion I pursue,
Ask thy own heart if what I tell be true?

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To the green margin of a lonely wood,
Whose pendent shades o'erlook'd a silver flood,
Young Damon came, unknowing where he stray'd,
Full of the image of his beauteous maid;
His flock far off, unfed, untended, lay,
To every savage a defenceless prey;
No sense of interest could their master move,
And every care seem'd trifling now but love.
Awhile in pensive silence he remain'd, [plain'd;
But, though his voice was mute, his looks com-
At length the thoughts within his bosom pent
Forc'd his unwilling tongue to give them vent.

'Ye nymphs! (he cried) ye dryads! who so long
Have favour'd Damon, and inspir'd his song;
For whom retir'd I shun the gay resorts
Of sportful cities and of pompous courts,
In vain I bid the restless world adieu,
To seek tranquillity and peace with you.
Though wild Ambition and destructive Rage
No factions here can form, no wars can wage;
Though Envy frowns not on your humble shades,
Nor Calumny your innocence invades,
Yet cruel Love, that troubler of the breast,
Too often violates your boasted rest;
With inbred storms disturbs your calm retreat,
And taints with bitterness each rural sweet.

'Ah luckless day! when first with fond surprise
On Delia's face I fix'd my eager eyes!
Then in wild tumults all my soul was toss'd,
Then reason, liberty, at once were lost,
And every wish, and thought, and care was gone,
But what my heart employ'd on her alone.

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Then too she smil'd; can smiles our peace destroy,
Those lovely children of Content and Joy?
How can soft pleasure and tormenting woe
From the same spring at the same moment flow?
Unhappy boy! these vain inquiries cease,
Thought could not guard, nor will restore thy peace;
Indulge the frenzy that thou must endure,
And soothe the pain thou know'st not how to cure.
Come, flattering Memory! and tell my heart
How kind she was, and with what pleasing art
She strove its fondest wishes to obtain;
Confirm her power, and faster bind my chain.
If on the green we danc'd, a mirthful band,
To me alone she gave her willing hand;
Her partial taste, if e'er I touch'd the lyre,
Still in my song found something to admire;
By none but her my crook with flowers was crown'd,
By none but her my brows with ivy bound;
The world that Damon was her choice believ'd,
The world, alas! like Damon was deceiv'd.
When last I saw her, and declar'd my fire
In words as soft as passion could inspire,
Coldly she heard, and full of scorn withdrew,
Without one pitying glance, one sweet adieu!
The frighted hind, who sees his ripen'd corn
Up from the roots by sudden tempests torn,
Whose fairest hopes destroyed and blasted lie,
Feels not so keen a pang of grief as I.
Ah! how have I deserv'd, inhuman maid!
To have my faithful service thus repaid?
Were all the marks of kindness I receiv'd
But dreams of joy that charm'd me and deceiv'd?
Or did you only nurse my growing love
That with more pain I might your hatred prove?

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Sure guilty treachery no place could find
In such a gentle, such a generous mind:
A maid, brought up the woods and wilds among,
Could ne'er have learnt the arts of courts so young:
No; let me rather think her anger feign'd;
Still let me hope my Delia may be gain'd.
'Twas only modesty that seem'd disdain,
And her heart suffer'd when she gave me pain.'

Pleas'd with this flattering thought the lovesick boy
Felt the faint dawning of a doubtful joy;
Back to his flock more cheerful he return'd,
When now the setting sun more fiercely burn'd,
Blue vapours rose along the mazy rills,
And light's last blushes ting'd the distant hills.

II.

HOPE.

TO MR. DODDINGTON, AFTERWARDS LORD MELCOMBE REGIS.

HEAR, Doddington! the notes that shepherds sing,
Like those that warbling hail the genial spring:
Nor Pan nor Phœbus tunes our artless reeds,
From Love alone their melody proceeds;
From Love, Theocritus on Enna's plains
Learnt the wild sweetness of his doric strains;
Young Maro, touch'd by his inspiring dart,
Could charm each ear, and soften every heart:
Me too his power has reach'd, and bids with thine
My rustic pipe in pleasing concert join [1].

[1] Mr. Doddington had written some very pretty love-verses which have never been published. *Lyttelton.*

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Damon no longer sought the silent shade,
No more in unfrequented paths he stray'd:
But call'd the swains to hear his jocund song,
And told his joy to all the rural throng.

'Bless'd be the hour, (he said) that happy hour,
When first I own'd my Delia's gentle power!
Then gloomy discontent and pining care
Forsook my breast, and left soft wishes there;
Soft wishes there they left and gay desires,
Delightful languors and transporting fires.
Where yonder limes combine to form a shade,
These eyes first gaz'd upon the charming maid;
There she appear'd on that auspicious day
When swains their sportive rites to Bacchus pay:
She led the dance—Heavens! with what grace she mov'd!
Who could have seen her then, and not have lov'd?
I strove not to resist so sweet a flame,
But gloried in a happy captive's name;
Nor would I now, could Love permit, be free,
But leave to brutes their savage liberty.

'And art thou then, fond youth! secure of joy?
Can no reverse thy flattering bliss destroy?
Has treacherous Love no torment yet in store?
Or hast thou never prov'd his fatal power? [cheek?
Whence flow'd those tears that late bedew'd thy
Why sigh'd thy heart as if it strove to break?
Why were the desert rocks invok'd to hear
The plaintive accent of thy sad despair?—
From Delia's rigour all those pains arose,
Delia! who now compassionates my woes;
Who bids me hope, and in that charming word
Has peace and transport to my soul restor'd.

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'Begin, my pipe! begin the gladsome lay,
A kiss from Delia shall thy music pay:
A kiss obtain'd 'twixt struggling and consent,
Giv'n with forc'd anger and disguis'd content.
No laureate wreaths I ask to bind my brows,
Such as the muse on lofty bards bestows;
Let other swains to praise or fame aspire,
I from her lips my recompense require.

'Why stays my Delia in her secret bower?
Light gales have chas'd the late impending shower;
The' emerging sun more bright his beams extends;
Oppos'd, its beauteous arch the rainbow bends!
Glad youths and maidens turn the new-made hay;
The birds renew their songs on every spray!
Come forth, my love! thy shepherd's joys to crown:
All nature smiles—will only Delia frown?

'Hark how the bees with murmurs fill the plain,
While every flower of every sweet they drain:
See how beneath yon hillock's shady steep
The shelter'd herds on flowery couches sleep:
Nor bees, nor herds, are half so bless'd as I,
If with my fond desires my Love comply;
From Delia's lips a sweeter honey flows,
And on her bosom dwells more soft repose.

'Ah how, my dear! shall I deserve thy charms?
What gift can bribe thee to my longing arms?
A bird for thee in silken bands I hold,
Whose yellow plumage shines like polish'd gold;
From distant isles the lovely stranger came,
And bears the fortunate Canaries name;
In all our woods none boasts so sweet a note,
Not ev'n the nightingale's melodious throat:

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Accept of this; and could I add beside
What wealth the rich Peruvian mountains hide;
If all the gems in eastern rocks were mine,
On thee alone their glittering pride should shine.
But if thy mind no gifts have power to move,
Phœbus himself shall leave the' Aönian grove;
The tuneful Nine, who never sue in vain, [swain.
Shall come sweet suppliants for their favourite
For him each blue-eyed naiad of the flood,
For him each green-hair'd sister of the wood,
Whom oft beneath fair Cynthia's gentle ray
His music calls to dance the night away.
And you, fair nymphs, companions of my love,
With whom she joys the cowslip meads to rove,
I beg you recommend my faithful flame,
And let her often hear her shepherd's name:
Shade all my faults from her inquiring sight,
And show my merits in the fairest light;
My pipe your kind assistance shall repay,
And every friend shall claim a different lay.

'But see! in yonder glade the heavenly fair
Enjoys the fragrance of the breezy air—
Ah! thither let me fly with eager feet:
Adieu, my pipe! I go my love to meet—
O may I find her as we parted last,
And may each future hour be like the past!
So shall the whitest lamb these pastures feed,
Propitious Venus! on thy altars bleed.'

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III.

JEALOUSY.

TO MR. EDWARD WALPOLE.

THE gods, O Walpole, give no bliss sincere;
Wealth is disturb'd by care, and power by fear:
Of all the passions that employ the mind,
In gentle love the sweetest joys we find;
Yet e'en those joys dire Jealousy molests,
And blackens each fair image in our breasts.
O may the warmth of thy too tender heart
Ne'er feel the sharpness of his venom'd dart!
For thy own quiet think thy mistress just,
And wisely take thy happiness on trust.

Begin, my Muse! and Damon's woes rehearse
In wildest numbers and disorder'd verse.

On a romantic mountain's airy head
(While browsing goats at ease around him fed)
Anxious he lay, with jealous cares oppress'd,
Distrust and anger labouring in his breast—
The vale beneath a pleasing prospect yields
Of verdant meads and cultivated fields;
Through these a river rolls its winding flood,
Adorn'd with various tufts of rising wood;
Here, half-conceal'd in trees, a cottage stands,
A castle there the opening plain commands;
Beyond, a town with glittering spires is crown'd,
And distant hills the wide horizon bound:
So charming was the scene, awhile the swain
Beheld delighted, and forgot his pain;

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But soon the stings infix'd within his heart
With cruel force renew'd their raging smart:
His flowery wreath, which long with pride he wore,
The gift of Delia, from his brows he tore,
Then cried, 'May all thy charms, ungrateful maid!
Like these neglected roses droop and fade!
May angry Heaven deform each guilty grace
That triumphs now in that deluding face!
Those alter'd looks may every shepherd fly,
And ev'n thy Daphnis hate thee worse than I!

'Say, thou inconstant! what has Damon done,
To lose the heart his tedious pains had won?
Tell me what charms you in my rival find
Against whose power no ties have strength to bind?
Has he, like me, with long obedience strove
To conquer your disdain, and merit love?
Has he with transport every smile ador'd,
And died with grief at each ungentle word?
Ah, no! the conquest was obtain'd with ease;
He pleas'd you by not studying to please;
His careless indolence your pride alarm'd;
And, had he lov'd you more, he less had charm'd.

'O pain to think! another shall possess
Those balmy lips which I was wont to press!
Another on her panting breast shall lie,
And catch sweet madness from her swimming eye!—
I saw their friendly flocks together feed,
I saw them hand in hand walk o'er the mead;
Would my clos'd eyes had sunk in endless night,
Ere I was doom'd to bear that hateful sight!
Where'er they pass'd be blasted every flower,
And hungry wolves their helpless flocks devour!—

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Ah, wretched swain! could no examples move
Thy heedless heart to shun the rage of love?
Hast thou not heard how poor Menalcas[2] died,
A victim to Parthenia's fatal pride?
Dear was the youth to all the tuneful plain,
Lov'd by the nymphs, by Phœbus lov'd, in vain:
Around his tomb their tears the Muses paid,
And all things mourn'd, but the relentless maid,
Would I could die like him, and be at peace!
These torments in the quiet grave would cease;
There my vex'd thoughts a calm repose would find,
And rest as if my Delia still were kind.
No; let me live her falsehood to upbraid:
Some god perhaps my just revenge will aid.—
Alas! what aid, fond swain! wouldst thou receive?
Could thy heart bear to see its Delia grieve?
Protect her, Heaven! and let her never know
The slightest part of hapless Damon's woe:
I ask no vengeance from the powers above,
All I implore is never more to love.—
Let me this fondness from my bosom tear,
Let me forget that e'er I thought her fair.
Come, cool Indifference! and heal my breast,
Wearied at length I seek thy downy rest:
No turbulence of passion shall destroy
My future ease with flattering hopes of joy.
Hear, mighty Pan, and all ye Silvans, hear,
What by your guardian deities I swear;
No more my eyes shall view her fatal charms,
No more I'll court the Traitress to my arms;
Not all her arts my steady soul shall move,
And she shall find that reason conquers love!'

[2] See Mr. Gay's Dione.

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Scarce had he spoke, when through the lawn
Alone he saw the beauteous Delia go; [below
At once transported he forgot his vow,
(Such perjuries the laughing gods allow!)
Down the steep hills with ardent haste he flew;
He found her kind, and soon believ'd her true.

IV.

POSSESSION.

TO LORD COBHAM.

COBHAM! to thee this rural lay I bring,
Whose guiding judgment gives me skill to sing;
Though far unequal to those polish'd strains
With which thy Congreve charm'd the listening plains;
Yet shall its music please thy partial ear,
And soothe thy breast with thoughts that once were dear;
Recal those years which time has thrown behind,
When smiling Love with Honour shar'd thy mind,
When all thy glorious days of prosperous fight
Delighted less than one successful night:
The sweet remembrance shall thy youth restore,
Fancy again shall run past pleasures o'er;
And while in Stowe's enchanting walks you stray,
This theme may help to cheat the summer's day.

Beneath the covert of a myrtle wood,
To Venus rais'd, a rustic altar stood;
To Venus and to Hymen, there combin'd
In friendly league to favour human kind.

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With wanton Cupids in that happy shade
The gentle Virtues and mild Wisdom play'd;
Nor there, in sprightly Pleasure's genial train,
Lurk'd sick Disgust, or late-repenting Pain,
Nor Force, nor Interest join'd unwilling hands,
But Love consenting tied the blissful bands.
Thither, with glad devotion, Damon came,
To thank the powers who bless'd his faithful flame;
Two milk-white doves he on their altar laid,
And thus to both his grateful homage paid:
'Hail, bounteous God! before whose hallow'd shrine
My Delia vow'd to be for ever mine,
While glowing in her cheeks, with tender love,
Sweet virgin modesty reluctant strove.
And hail to thee, fair queen of young desires!
Long shall my heart preserve thy pleasing fires,
Since Delia now can all its warmth return,
As fondly languish and as fiercely burn.

'O the dear gloom of last propitious night!
O shade more charming than the fairest light!
Then in my arms I clasp'd the melting maid,
Then all my pains one moment overpaid;
Then first the sweet excess of bliss I prov'd,
Which none can taste but who like me have lov'd.
Thou too, bright goddess! once in Ida's grove
Didst not disdain to meet a shepherd's love:
With him, while frisking lambs around you play'd,
Conceal'd, you sported in the secret shade:
Scarce could Anchises' raptures equal mine,
And Delia's beauties only yield to thine.

'What are you now, my once most valued joys?
Insipid trifles all, and childish toys—
Friendship itself ne'er knew a charm like this,
Nor Colin's talk could please like Delia's kiss.

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'Ye Muses! skill'd in every winning art,
Teach me more deeply to engage her heart;
Ye nymphs! to her your freshest roses bring,
And crown her with the pride of all the Spring;
On all her days let health and peace attend!
May she ne'er want, nor ever lose, a friend!
May some new pleasure every hour employ,
But let her Damon be her highest joy!

'With thee, my love, for ever will I stay,
All night caress thee, and admire all day;
In the same field our mingled flocks we'll feed,
To the same spring our thirsty heifers lead;
Together will we share the harvest toils,
Together press the vine's autumnal spoils.
Delightful state! where peace and love combine
To bid our tranquil days unclouded shine!
Here limpid fountains roll through flowery meads,
Here rising forests lift their verdant heads,
Here let me wear my careless life away,
And in thy arms insensibly decay.

'When late old age our heads shall silver o'er,
And our slow pulses dance with joy no more;
When time no longer will thy beauties spare,
And only Damon's eye shall think thee fair;
Then may the gentle hand of welcome Death
At one soft stroke deprive us both of breath!
May we beneath one common stone be laid,
And the same cypress both our ashes shade!
Perhaps some friendly Muse, in tender verse,
Shall deign our faithful passion to rehearse;
And future ages, with just envy mov'd,
Be told how Damon and his Delia lov'd.'

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ELEGY.

TELL me, my heart, fond slave of hopeless love,
And doom'd its woes, without its joys, to prove;
Canst thou endure thus calmly to erase
The dear, dear image of thy Delia's face?
Canst thou exclude that habitant divine,
To place some meaner idol in her shrine?
O task, for feeble reason too severe!
O lesson, nought could teach me but despair!
Must I forbid my eyes that heavenly sight
They've view'd so oft with languishing delight?
Must my ears shun that voice, whose charming sound
Seem'd to relieve, while it increas'd, my wound?

O Waller! Petrarch! you who tun'd the lyre
To the soft notes of elegant desire;
Though Sidney to a rival gave her charms,
Though Laura dying left her lover's arms,
Yet were your pains less exquisite than mine,
'Tis easier far to lose, than to resign!

ADVICE TO A LADY.

1731.

THE counsels of a friend, Belinda, hear,
Too roughly kind to please a lady's ear,
Unlike the flatteries of a lover's pen,
Such truths as women seldom learn from men.
Nor think I praise you ill, when thus I show
What female vanity might fear to know:
Some merit's mine, to dare to be sincere;
But greater your's, sincerity to bear.

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Hard is the fortune that your sex attends;
Women, like princes, find few real friends:
All who approach them their own ends pursue;
Lovers and ministers are seldom true.
Hence oft from Reason heedless Beauty strays,
And the most trusted guide the most betrays:
Hence, by fond dreams of fancied power amus'd,
When most you tyrannize, you're most abus'd.

What is your sex's earliest, latest care,
Your heart's supreme ambition?—To be fair!
For this, the toilet every thought employs,
Hence all the toils of dress, and all the joys:
For this, hands, lips, and eyes, are put to school,
And each instructed feature has its rule;
And yet how few have learnt, when this is given,
Not to disgrace the partial boon of Heaven!
How few with all their pride of form can move!
How few are lovely, that are made for love!
Do you, my fair, endeavour to possess
An elegance of mind as well as dress;
Be that your ornament, and know to please
By graceful Nature's unaffected ease.

Nor make to dangerous wit a vain pretence,
But wisely rest content with modest sense;
For wit, like wine, intoxicates the brain,
Too strong for feeble woman to sustain:
Of those who claim it more than half have none;
And half of those who have it are undone.

Be still superior to your sex's arts,
Nor think dishonesty a proof of parts:
For you, the plainest is the wisest rule:—
A cunning woman is a knavish fool.

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Be good yourself, nor think another's shame
Can raise your merit, or adorn your fame.
Prudes rail at whores, as statesmen in disgrace
At ministers, because they wish their place:
Virtue is amiable, mild, serene;
Without, all beauty; and all peace within.
The honour of a prude is rage and storm,
'Tis ugliness in its most frightful form:
Fiercely it stands, defying gods and men,
As fiery monsters guard a giant's den.

Seek to be good, but aim not to be great:
A woman's noblest station is retreat;
Her fairest virtues fly from public sight,
Domestic worth, that shuns too strong a light.

To rougher man Ambition's task resign,
'Tis ours in senates or in courts to shine,
To labour for a sunk corrupted state,
Or dare the rage of Envy, and be great.
One only care your gentle breasts should move,
The' important business of your life is love;
To this great point direct your constant aim,
This makes your happiness, and this your fame.

Be never cool reserve with passion join'd;
With caution choose, but then be fondly kind.
The selfish heart, that but by halves is given,
Shall find no place in Love's delightful heaven;
Here sweet extremes alone can truly bless:
The virtue of a lover is excess.

A maid unask'd may own a well-plac'd flame;
Not loving *first*, but loving *wrong*, is shame.

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Contemn the little pride of giving pain,
Nor think that conquest justifies disdain.
Short is the period of insulting power:
Offended Cupid finds his vengeful hour;
Soon will resume the empire which he gave,
And soon the tyrant shall become the slave.

Bless'd is the maid, and worthy to be bless'd,
Whose soul, entire by him she loves possess'd,
Feels every vanity in fondness lost,
And asks no power, but that of pleasing most:
Her's is the bliss, in just return, to prove
The honest warmth of undissembled love;
For her, inconstant man might cease to range,
And gratitude forbid desire to change.

But, lest harsh care the lover's peace destroy,
And roughly blight the tender buds of joy,
Let Reason teach what Passion fain would hide,
That Hymen's bands by Prudence should be tied;
Venus in vain the wedded pair would crown,
If angry Fortune on their union frown:
Soon will the flattering dream of bliss be o'er,
And cloy'd Imagination cheat no more.
Then, waking to the sense of lasting pain,
With mutual tears the nuptial couch they stain;
And that fond love, which should afford relief,
Does but increase the anguish of their grief:
While both could easier their own sorrows bear,
Than the sad knowledge of each other's care.

Yet may you rather feel that virtuous pain,
Than sell your violated charms for gain;
Than wed the wretch whom you despise or hate,
For the vain glare of useless wealth or state.

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The most abandon'd prostitutes are they,
Who not to love, but avarice, fall a prey:
Nor aught avails the specious name of wife;
A maid so wedded is—a whore for life.

E'en in the happiest choice, where favouring [Heaven
Has equal love and easy fortune given,
Think not, the husband gain'd, that all is done;
The prize of happiness must still be won:
And oft, the careless find it to their cost,
The lover in the husband may be lost;
The Graces might alone his heart allure;
They and the Virtues meeting must secure.

Let e'en your Prudence wear the pleasing dress
Of care for Him, and anxious tenderness.
From kind concern about his weal or woe,
Let each domestic duty seem to flow.
The household sceptre if he bids you bear,
Make it your pride his servant to appear:
Endearing thus the common acts of life,
The mistress still shall charm him in the wife;
And wrinkled age shall unobserv'd come on,
Before his eye perceives one beauty gone:
E'en o'er your cold, your ever-sacred urn,
His constant flame shall unextinguish'd burn.

Thus I, Belinda, would your charms improve,
And form your heart to all the arts of love.
The task were harder, to secure my own
Against the power of those already known:
For well you twist the secret chains that bind
With gentle force the captivated mind,
Skill'd every soft attraction to employ,
Each flattering hope, and each alluring joy;
I own your genius, and from you receive
The rules of pleasing, which to you I give.

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WRITTEN AT

MR. POPE'S HOUSE AT TWICKENHAM,

WHICH HE HAD LENT TO MRS. GREVILLE,

IN AUGUST, 1735.

Go, Thames, and tell the busy town,
Not all its wealth or pride,
Could tempt me from the charms that crown
Thy rural flowery side.

Thy flowery side, where Pope has plac'd
The Muses' green retreat,
With every smile of Nature grac'd,
With every art complete.

But now, sweet bard, thy heavenly song
Enchants us here no more!
Their darling glory lost too long
Thy once-lov'd shades deplore.

Yet still, for beauteous Greville's sake,
The Muses here remain;
Greville, whose eyes have power to make
A Pope of every swain.

VIRTUE AND FAME.

TO THE COUNTESS OF EGREMONT.

VIRTUE and Fame, the other day,
Happen'd to cross each other's way;
Said Virtue, 'Hark ye! madam Fame,
Your ladyship is much to blame;

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Jove bids you always wait on me,
And yet your face I seldom see:
The Paphian queen employs your trumpet;
And bids it praise some handsome strumpet;
Or, thundering through the ranks of war,
Ambition ties you to her car.'

Saith Fame, 'Dear madam, I protest,
I never find myself so bless'd
As when I humbly wait behind you!
But 'tis so mighty hard to find you!
In such obscure retreats you lurk!
To seek you, is an endless work.'

'Well, (answer'd Virtue) I allow
Your plea. But hear, and mark me now,
I know, (without offence to others)
I know the best of wives and mothers;
Who never pass'd an useless day
In scandal, gossiping, or play:
Whose modest wit, chastis'd by sense,
Is lively cheerful innocence;
Whose heart nor envy knows nor spite,
Whose duty is her sole delight;
Nor rul'd by whim, nor slave to fashion,
Her parents' joy, her husband's passion.'

Fame smil'd, and answer'd, 'On my life,
This is some country-parson's wife,
Who never saw the court nor town,
Whose face is homely as her gown:
Who banquets upon eggs and bacon—'

'No, madam, no—you're much mistaken—
I beg you'll let me set you right—
'Tis one with every beauty bright;

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Adorn'd with every polish'd art
That rank or fortune can impart;
'Tis the most celebrated toast
That Britain's spacious isle can boast;
'Tis princely Petworth's noble dame;
'Tis Egremont—Go, tell it, Fame!'

ADDITION,

EXTEMPORE, BY THE EARL OF HARDWICKE.

FAME heard with pleasure—straight replied,
'First on my roll stands Wyndham's bride;
My trumpet oft I've rais'd, to sound
Her modest praise the world around;
But notes were wanting—Canst thou find
A Muse to sing her face, her mind?
Believe me, I can name but one,
A friend of yours—'tis Lyttelton.'

LETTER TO THE EARL OF HARDWICKE:

OCCASIONED BY THE FOREGOING VERSES.

MY LORD,

A THOUSAND thanks to your Lordship for your addition to my verses. If you can write such *extempore*, it is well for other poets that you chose to be Lord-Chancellor, rather than a Laureat. They explain to me a vision I had the night before.

Methought I saw before my feet,
With countenance serene and sweet,

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The Muse, who in my youthful days
Had oft inspir'd my careless lays.
She smil'd, and said, 'Once more I see
My fugitive returns to me;
Long had I lost you from my bower,
You scorn'd to own my gentle power;
With me no more your genius sported,
The grave Historic Muse you courted;
Or, rais'd from earth, with straining eyes,
Pursued Urania through the skies;
But now, to my forsaken track,
Fair Egremont has brought you back:
Nor blush, by her and Virtue led,
That soft, that pleasing path, to tread;
For there, beneath to-morrow's ray,
E'en Wisdom's self shall deign to play.
Lo! to my flowery groves and springs
Her favourite son the goddess brings,
The council's and the senate's guide,
Law's oracle, the nation's pride:
He comes, he joys with thee to join,
In singing Wyndham's charms divine:
To thine he adds his nobler lays;
E'en thee, my friend, he deigns to praise.
Enjoy that praise, nor envy Pitt
His fame with burgess or with cit;
For sure one line from such a bard,
Virtue would think her best reward.'

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ON READING

MISS CARTER'S POEMS

IN MANUSCRIPT.

Such were the notes that struck the wondering ear
Of silent Night, when, on the verdant banks
Of Siloë's hallow'd brook, celestial harps,
According to seraphic voices, sung
Glory to God on high, and on the earth
Peace and good-will to men!—Resume the lyre,
Chantress divine, and every Briton call
Its melody to hear—so shall thy strains,
More powerful than the song of Orpheus, tame
The savage heart of brutal Vice, and bend
At pure Religion's shrine the stubborn knees
Of bold Impiety.—Greece shall no more
Of Lesbian Sappho boast, whose wanton Muse,
Like a false syren, while she charm'd, seduc'd
To guilt and ruin. For the sacred head
Of Britain's poetess, the Virtues twine
A nobler wreath, by them from Eden's grove
Unfading gather'd, and direct the hand
Of —— to fix it on her brows.

HYMEN TO ELIZA.

Madam, before your feet I lay
This ode upon your wedding-day,
The first indeed I ever made,
For writing odes is not my trade:
My head is full of household cares,
And necessary dull affairs;

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Besides that sometimes jealous frumps
Will put me into doleful dumps.
And then no clown beneath the sky
Was e'er more ungallant than I;
For you alone I now think fit
To turn a poet and a wit—
For you whose charms, I know not how,
Have power to smooth the wrinkled brow,
And make me, though by nature stupid,
As brisk and as alert as Cupid,
These obligations to repay,
Whene'er your happy nuptial day
Shall with the circling years return,
For you my torch shall brighter burn
Than when you first my power ador'd,
Nor will I call myself your lord,
But am (as witness this my hand)
Your humble servant at command.

HYMEN.

Dear child, let Hymen not beguile
You, who are such a judge of style,
To think he these verses made,
Without an able penman's aid:
Observe them well, you'll plainly see,
That every line was writ by me.

CUPID.

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MOUNT EDGECUMBE.

THE gods, on thrones celestial seated,
By Jove with bowls of nectar heated,
All on Mount Edgecumbe turn'd their eyes.
'That place is mine,' great Neptune cries:
'Behold! how proud o'er all the main
Those stately turrets seem to reign!
No views so grand on earth you see!
The master too belongs to me:
I grant him my domain to share,
I bid his hand my trident bear.'
'The sea is yours, but mine the land;'
Pallas replies, 'by me were plann'd
Those towers, that hospital, those docks,
That fort, which crowns those island-rocks;
The lady too is of my choir,
I taught her hand to touch the lyre;
With every charm her mind I grac'd,
I gave her prudence, knowledge, taste.'
'Hold, madam,' interrupted Venus,
'The lady must be shar'd between us:
And surely mine is yonder grove,
So fine, so dark, so fit for love;
Trees, such as in the' Idalian glade,
Or Cyprian lawn, my palace shade.'
Then Oreads, Dryads, Naiads, came;
Each Nymph alledg'd her lawful claim.
But Jove, to finish the debate,
Thus spoke, and what he speaks is fate: —
'Nor god nor goddess, great or small,
That dwelling his or her's may call;
I made Mount Edgecumbe for you all.'

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INVITATION

TO THE

DOWAGER DUTCHESS D'AIGUILLON.

When Peace shall, on her downy wing,
To France and England friendship bring,
Come, Aiguillon, and here receive
That homage we delight to give
To foreign talents, foreign charms,
To worth which Envy's self disarms
Of jealous hatred. Come, and love
That nation which you now approve.
So shall by France amends be made
(If such a debt can e'er be paid)
For having with seducing art
From Britain stol'n her Hervey's heart.

ON GOOD-HUMOUR.

(WRITTEN AT ETON SCHOOL, 1729.)

Tell me, ye sons of Phœbus, what is this
Which all admire, but few, too few, possess?
A virtue 'tis to ancient maids unknown
And prudes, who spy all faults except their own.
Lov'd and defended by the brave and wise,
Though knaves abuse it, and like fools despise.
Say, Wyndham, if 'tis possible to tell,
What is the thing in which you most excel?
Hard is the question, for in all you please;
Yet sure good-nature is your noblest praise;
Secur'd by this, your parts no envy move,
For none can envy him whom all must love.
This magic power can make e'en folly please,
This to Pitt's genius adds a brighter grace,
And sweetens every charm in Cælia's face.

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INSCRIPTION

FOR

A BUST OF LADY SUFFOLK:

DESIGNED TO BE SET UP IN A WOOD AT STOWE, 1732.

HER wit and beauty for a court were made:
But truth and goodness fit her for a shade.

EPIGRAM.

NONE without hope e'er lov'd the brightest fair:
But Love can hope, where Reason would despair.

SONG.

WHEN Delia on the plain appears,
Aw'd by a thousand tender fears,
I would approach, but dare not move;
Tell me, my heart, if this be love?

Whene'er she speaks, my ravish'd ear
No other voice but her's can hear,
No other wit but her's approve:
Tell me, my heart, if this be love?

If she some other youth commend,
Though I was once his fondest friend,
His instant enemy I prove:
Tell me, my heart, if this be love?

When she is absent, I no more
Delight in all that pleas'd before,
The clearest spring, or shadiest grove:
Tell me, my heart, if this be love?

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When, fond of power, of beauty vain,
Her nets she spread for every swain;
I strove to hate, but vainly strove:
Tell me, my heart, if this be love?

SONG.

Say, Myra, why is gentle Love
A stranger to that mind,
Which Pity and Esteem can move;
Which can be just and kind?

Is it, because you fear to share
The ills that Love molest;
The jealous doubt, the tender care,
That rack the amorous breast?

Alas! by some degree of woe
We every bliss must gain:
The heart can ne'er a transport know,
That never feels a pain.

SONG.

The heavy hours are almost pass'd
That part my love and me:
My longing eyes may hope at last
Their only wish to see.

But how, my Delia, will you meet
The man you've lost so long?
Will love in all your pulses beat,
And tremble on your tongue?

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Will you in every look declare
Your heart is still the same;
And heal each idly-anxious care
Our fears in absence frame?

Thus, Delia, thus I paint the scene,
When shortly we shall meet;
And try what yet remains between
Of loitering time to cheat.

But, if the dream that soothes my mind
Shall false and groundless prove;
If I am doom'd at length to find
You have forgot to love:

All I of Venus ask, is this;
No more to let us join:
But grant me here the flattering bliss,
To die, and think you mine.

PROLOGUE

TO

THOMSON'S CORIOLANUS.

(SPOKEN BY MR. QUIN.)

I COME not here your candour to implore
For scenes, whose author is, alas! no more;
He wants no advocate his cause to plead;
You will yourselves be patrons of the dead.
No party his benevolence confin'd,
No sect—alike it flow'd to all mankind.
He lov'd his friends (forgive this gushing tear:
Alas! I feel, I am no actor here)

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He lov'd his friends with such a warmth of heart,
So clear of interest, so devoid of art,
Such generous friendship, such unshaken zeal,
No words can speak it; but our tears may tell.—
O candid truth, O faith without a stain,
O manners gently firm, and nobly plain,
O sympathizing love of others' bliss,
Where will you find another breast like his?
Such was the man—the poet well you know:
Oft has he touch'd your hearts with tender woe:
Oft, in this crowded house, with just applause,
You heard him teach fair Virtue's purest laws;
For his chaste Muse employ'd her heaven-taught lyre
None but the noblest passions to inspire,
Not one immoral, one corrupted thought,
One line, which dying he could wish to blot.

Oh! may to-night your favourable doom
Another laurel add, to grace his tomb:
Whilst he, superior now to praise or blame,
Hears not the feeble voice of human fame.
Yet, if to those whom most on earth he lov'd,
From whom his pious care is now remov'd,
With whom his liberal hand, and bounteous heart,
Shar'd all his little fortune could impart,
If to those friends your kind regard shall give
What they no longer can from his receive;
That, that, ev'n now, above yon starry pole,
May touch with pleasure his immortal soul.

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EPILOGUE

TO

LILLO'S ELMERIC.

You, who, supreme o'er every work of wit,
In judgment here, unaw'd, unbiass'd sit,
The Palatines and guardians of the pit;
If to your minds this merely modern play,
No useful sense, no generous warmth convey;
If fustian here, through each unnatural scene,
In strain'd conceits sound high, and nothing mean;
If lofty dullness for your vengeance call;
Like Elmeric judge, and let the guilty fall.
But if simplicity, with force and fire,
Unlabour'd thoughts and artless words inspire;
If, like the action which these scenes relate,
The whole appear irregularly great;
If master-strokes the nobler passions move:
Then, like the King, acquit us, and approve.

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EPISTLES.

TO

THE REV. DR. AYSCOUGH[1],

AT OXFORD.

FROM PARIS—1728.

SAY, dearest friend, how roll thy hours away?
What pleasing study cheats the tedious day?
Dost thou the sacred volumes oft explore
Of wise Antiquity's immortal lore,
Where virtue, by the charms of wit refin'd,
At once exalts and polishes the mind?
How different from our modern guilty art,
Which pleases only to corrupt the heart;
Whose curs'd refinements odious vice adorn,
And teach to honour what we ought to scorn!
Dost thou in sage historians joy to see
How Roman greatness rose with liberty;
How the same hands, that tyrants durst control,
Their empire stretch'd from Atlas to the Pole;
Till wealth and conquest into slaves refin'd
The proud luxurious masters of mankind?
Dost thou in letter'd Greece each charm admire,
Each grace, each virtue, freedom could inspire;

[1] Dr. A. was his lordship's tutor at Oxford, and afterwards his brother-in law, by marrying his sister; and died Dean of Bristol, 1763.

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Yet in her troubled state see all the woes,
And all the crimes, that giddy faction knows;
Till, rent by parties, by corruption sold,
Or weakly careless, or too rashly bold,
She sunk beneath a mitigated doom,
The slave and tutress of protecting Rome?

Does calm Philosophy her aid impart,
To guide the passions, and to mend the heart?
Taught by her precepts, hast thou learn'd the end
To which alone the wise their studies bend;
For which alone by nature were design'd
The powers of thought—to benefit mankind?
Not, like a cloister'd drone, to read and doze
In undeserving, undeserv'd, repose;
But Reason's influence to diffuse; to clear
The' enlighten'd world of every gloomy fear;
Dispel the mists of error, and unbind
Those pedant chains that clog the freeborn mind.
Happy who thus his leisure can employ!
He knows the purest hours of tranquil joy;
Nor vex'd with pangs that busier bosoms tear,
Nor lost to social virtue's pleasing care;
Safe in the port, yet labouring to sustain
Those who still float on the tempestuous main.

So Locke the days of studious quiet spent;
So Boyle in wisdom found divine content;
So Cambray, worthy of a happier doom,
The virtuous slave of Louis and of Rome.

Good Wor'ster [2] thus supports his drooping age,
Far from court-flattery, far from party-rage;

[2] Dr. Hough, Bishop of Worcester.

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He, who in youth a tyrant's frown defied,
Firm and intrepid on his country's side,
Her boldest champion then, and now her mildest guide.
O generous warmth! O sanctity divine!
To emulate his worth, my friend, be thine:
Learn from his life the duties of the gown;
Learn, not to flatter nor insult the crown;
Nor, basely servile, court the guilty great,
Nor raise the church a rival to the state:
To error mild, to vice alone severe,
Seek not to spread the law of love—by fear.
The priest who plagues the world can never mend:
No foe to man was e'er to God a friend.
Let reason and let virtue faith maintain;
All force but theirs is impious, weak, and vain.

Me other cares in other climes engage,
Cares that become my birth, and suit my age;
In various knowledge to improve my youth,
And conquer prejudice, worst foe to truth;
By foreign arts domestic faults to mend,
Enlarge my notions, and my views extend;
The useful science of the world to know,
Which books can never teach, or pedants show.

A nation here I pity and admire,
Whom noblest sentiments of glory fire,
Yet taught, by custom's force, and bigot fear,
To serve with pride, and boast the yoke they bear:
Whose nobles, born to cringe and to command,
In courts a mean, in camps a generous band;
From each low tool of power, content receive
Those laws, their dreaded arms to Europe give.

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Whose people (vain in want, in bondage bless'd;
Though plunder'd, gay; industrious, though op-
With happy follies rise above their fate, [press'd)
The jest and envy of each wiser state.

Yet here the Muses deign'd awhile to sport
In the short sunshine of a favouring court:
Here Boileau, strong in sense, and sharp in wit,
Who, from the ancients, like the ancients writ:
Permission gain'd inferior vice to blame,
By flattering incense to his master's fame.
Here Moliere, first of comic wits, excell'd
Whate'er Athenian theatres beheld;
By keen yet decent satire skill'd to please,
With morals mirth uniting, strength with ease.
Now, charm'd, I hear the bold Corneille inspire
Heroic thoughts, with Shakspeare's force and fire!
Now sweet Racine, with milder influence, move
The soften'd heart to pity and to love.

With mingled pain and pleasure, I survey
The pompous works of arbitrary sway;
Proud palaces, that drain'd the subjects' store,
Rais'd on the ruins of the' oppress'd and poor;
Where e'en mute walls are taught to flatter state,
And painted triumphs style ambition great[3].
With more delight those pleasing shades I view,
Where Condé from an envious court withdrew[4];
Where, sick of glory, faction, power, and pride,
(Sure judge how empty all, who all had tried!)
Beneath his palms the weary chief repos'd,
And life's great scene in quiet virtue clos'd.

[3] The victories of Louis the Fourteenth, painted in the galleries of Versailles. [4] Chantilly.

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With shame that other fam'd retreat I see,
Adorn'd by art, disgrac'd by luxury[5]:
Where Orleans wasted every vacant hour,
In the wild riot of unbounded power;
Where feverish debauch and impious love
Stain'd the mad table and the guilty grove.

With these amusements is thy friend detain'd,
Pleas'd and instructed in a foreign land;
Yet oft a tender wish recals my mind
From present joys to dearer left behind!
O native isle, fair Freedom's happiest seat!
At thought of thee, my bounding pulses beat;
At thought of thee, my heart impatient burns,
And all my country on my soul returns.
When shall I see thy fields, whose plenteous grain
No power can ravish from the' industrious swain?
When kiss, with pious love, the sacred earth
That gave a Burleigh or a Russel birth?
When, in the shade of laws, that long have stood
Prop'd by their care, or strengthen'd by their blood,
Of fearless independence wisely vain,
The proudest slave of Bourbon's race disdain?

Yet, oh! what doubt, what sad presaging voice,
Whispers within, and bids me not rejoice;
Bids me contemplate every state around,
From sultry Spain to Norway's icy bound;
Bids their lost rights, their ruin'd glories, see;
And tells me, these, like England, once were free!

[5] St. Cloud.

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TO MR. POYNTZ,

AMBASSADOR AT THE CONGRESS OF SOISSONS, IN 1728.

FROM PARIS.

O THOU, whose friendship is my joy and pride,
Whose virtues warm me, and whose precepts guide;
Thou, to whom greatness, rightly understood,
Is but a larger power of being good;
Say, Poyntz, amidst the toil of anxious state,
Does not thy secret soul desire retreat?
Dost thou not wish (the task of glory done)
Thy busy life at length might be thy own;
That, to thy lov'd philosophy resign'd,
No care might ruffle thy unbended mind?
Just is the wish. For sure the happiest meed,
To favour'd man by smiling Heaven decreed,
Is to reflect at ease on glorious pains,
And calmly to enjoy what virtue gains.

Not him I praise, who, from the world retir'd,
By no enlivening generous passion fir'd,
On flowery couches slumbers life away,
And gently bids his active powers decay:
Who fears bright Glory's awful face to see,
And shuns renown as much as infamy.
But bless'd is he, who, exercis'd in cares,
To private leisure public virtue bears;
Who tranquil ends the race he nobly run,
And decks repose with trophies Labour won.
Him Honour follows to the secret shade,
And crowns propitious his declining head;

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In his retreats their harps the Muses string,
For him in lays unbought spontaneous sing!
Friendship and Truth on all his moments wait,
Pleas'd with retirement better than with state;
And round the bower, where humbly great he lies,
Fair olives bloom, or verdant laurels rise.

So when thy country shall no more demand
The needful aid of thy sustaining hand;
When Peace restor'd shall, on her downy wing,
Secure repose and careless leisure bring;
Then, to the shades of learned ease retir'd,
The world forgetting, by the world admir'd,
Among thy books and friends, thou shalt possess
Contemplative and quiet happiness:
Pleas'd to review a life in honour spent,
And painful merit paid with sweet content.
Yet, though thy hours unclog'd with sorrow roll,
Though Wisdom calm, and Science feed thy soul,
One dearer bliss remains to be possess'd,
That only can improve and crown the rest.—

Permit thy friend this secret to reveal,
Which thy own heart perhaps would better tell;
The point to which our sweetest passions move
Is, to be truly lov'd, and fondly love.
This is the charm that smoothes the troubled breast,
Friend of our health, and author of our rest:
Bids every gloomy vexing passion fly,
And tunes each jarring string to harmony.
E'en while I write, the name of Love inspires
More pleasing thoughts, and more enlivening fires;
Beneath his power my raptur'd fancy glows,
And every tender verse more sweetly flows.

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Dull is the privilege of living free;
Our hearts were never form'd for liberty:
Some beauteous image, well imprinted there,
Can best defend them from consuming care,
In vain to groves and gardens we retire,
And Nature in her rural works admire;
Though grateful these, yet these but faintly charm;
They may delight us, but can never warm.
May some fair eyes, my friend, thy bosom fire
With pleasing pangs of ever-gay desire;
And teach thee that soft science, which alone
Still to thy searching mind rests slightly known!
Thy soul, though great, is tender and refin'd,
To friendship sensible, to love inclin'd,
And therefore long thou canst not arm thy breast
Against the entrance of so sweet a guest.
Hear what the' inspiring Muses bid me tell,
For heaven shall ratify what they reveal:

"A chosen bride shall in thy arms be plac'd,
With all the' attractive charms of beauty grac'd;
Whose wit and virtue shall thy own express,
Distinguish'd only by their softer dress:
Thy greatness she, or thy retreat, shall share;
Sweeten tranquillity, or soften care;
Her smiles the taste of every joy shall raise,
And add new pleasure to renown and praise;
Till charm'd you own the truth my verse would prove,
That happiness is near allied to love."

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TO BE WRITTEN UNDER

A PICTURE OF MR. POYNTZ.

SUCH is thy form, O Poyntz, but who shall find
A hand, or colours, to express thy mind?
A mind unmov'd by every vulgar fear,
In a false world that dares to be sincere;
Wise without art; without ambition great;
Though firm, yet pliant; active, though sedate;
With all the richest stores of learning fraught,
Yet better still by native prudence taught;
That, fond the griefs of the distress'd to heal,
Can pity frailties it could never feel;
That, when Misfortune sued, ne'er sought to know
What sect, what party, whether friend or foe;
That, fix'd on equal Virtue's temperate laws,
Despises calumny, and shuns applause;
That, to its own perfections singly blind,
Would for another think this praise design'd.

TO MR. POPE.

FROM ROME, 1730.

IMMORTAL bard! for whom each Muse has wove
The fairest garlands of the' Aönian grove;
Preserv'd our drooping genius to restore,
When Addison and Congreve are no more;
After so many stars extinct in night,
The darken'd age's last remaining light!
To thee from Latian realms this verse is writ,
Inspir'd by memory of ancient wit;

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For now no more these climes their influence boast,
Fall'n is their glory, and their virtue lost;
From tyrants, and from priests, the Muses fly,
Daughters of Reason and of Liberty!
Nor Baiæ now nor Umbria's plain they love,
Nor on the banks of Nar or Mincio rove;
To Thames's flowery borders they retire,
And kindle in thy breast the Roman fire.
So in the shades, where, cheer'd with summer-rays,
Melodious linnets warbled sprightly lays,
Soon as the faded, falling leaves complain
Of gloomy Winter's unauspicious reign,
No tuneful voice is heard of joy or love,
But mournful silence saddens all the grove.

Unhappy Italy! whose alter'd state
Has felt the worst severity of fate:
Not that barbarian hands her fasces broke,
And bow'd her haughty neck beneath their yoke;
Nor that her palaces to earth are thrown,
Her cities desert, and her fields unsown;
But that her ancient spirit is decay'd,
That sacred wisdom from her bounds is fled;
That there the source of science flows no more,
Whence its rich streams supplied the world before.

Illustrious names! that once in Latium shin'd,
Born to instruct and to command mankind;
Chiefs, by whose virtue mighty Rome was rais'd,
And poets, who those chiefs sublimely prais'd;
Oft I the traces you have left explore,
Your ashes visit, and your urns adore;
Oft kiss, with lips devout, some mouldering stone
With ivy's venerable shade o'ergrown;

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Those horrid ruins better pleas'd to see,
Than all the pomp of modern luxury.

As late on Virgil's tomb fresh flowers I strow'd,
While with the' inspiring Muse my bosom glow'd,
Crown'd with eternal bays, my ravish'd eyes
Beheld the poet's awful form arise:

"Stranger," he said, "whose pious hand has paid
These grateful rites to my attentive shade,
When thou shalt breathe thy happy native air,
To Pope this message from his master bear:

"Great bard, whose numbers I myself inspire,
To whom I gave my own harmonious lyre,
If, high exalted on the throne of wit,
Near me and Homer thou aspire to sit,
No more let meaner satire dim the rays
That flow majestic from thy nobler bays;
In all the flowery paths of Pindus stray,
But shun that thorny, that unpleasing way;
Nor, when each soft engaging Muse is thine,
Address the least attractive of the Nine.

"Of thee more worthy were the task, to raise
A lasting column to thy country's praise;
To sing the land, which yet alone can boast
That liberty corrupted Rome has lost;
Where Science in the arms of Peace is laid,
And plants her palm beside the olive's shade.
Such was the theme for which my lyre I strung,
Such was the people whose exploits I sung;
Brave, yet refin'd, for arms and arts renown'd,
With different bays by Mars and Phœbus crown'd;

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Dauntless opposers of tyrannic sway,
But pleas'd a mild Augustus to obey.

"If these commands submissive thou receive,
Immortal and unblam'd thy name shall live;
Envy to black Cocytus shall retire,
And howl with Furies in tormenting fire;
Approving Time shall consecrate thy lays,
And join the patriot's to the poet's praise."

TO LORD HERVEY.

FROM WORCESTERSHIRE, 1730.

Strenua nos exercet inertia: navibus atque
Quadrigis petimus bene vivere: quod petis, hic est;
Est Ulubris, animus si te non deficit æquus. HOR.

FAVOURITE of Venus and the tuneful Nine,
Pollio, by Nature form'd in courts to shine,
Wilt thou once more a kind attention lend,
To thy long absent and forgotten friend;
Who, after seas and mountains wander'd o'er,
Return'd at length to his own native shore;
From all that's gay retir'd, and all that's great,
Beneath the shades of his paternal seat,
Has found that happiness he sought in vain
On the fam'd banks of Tiber and of Seine?

'Tis not to view the well-proportion'd pile,
The charms of Titian's and of Raphael's style;
At soft Italian sounds to melt away;
Or in the fragrant groves of myrtle stray;
That lulls the tumults of the soul to rest,
Or makes the fond possessor truly bless'd.

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In our own breasts the source of pleasure lies,
Still open, and still flowing to the wise;
Not forc'd by toilsome art and wild desire
Beyond the bounds of nature to aspire,
But, in its proper channels gliding fair,
A common benefit, which all may share.
Yet half mankind this easy good disdain,
Nor relish happiness unbought by pain;
False is their taste of bliss, and thence their search is vain.
So idle, yet so restless, are our minds,
We climb the Alps, and brave the raging winds;
Through various toils to seek Content we roam,
Which with but *thinking right* were ours at home.
For not the ceaseless change of shifted place
Can from the heart a settled grief erase,
Nor can the purer balm of foreign air
Heal the distemper'd mind of aching care.
The wretch, by wild impatience driven to rove,
Vex'd with the pangs of ill-requited love,
From pole to pole the fatal arrow bears,
Whose rooted point his bleeding bosom tears;
With equal pain each different clime he tries,
And is himself that torment which he flies.

For how should ills, which from our passions flow,
Be chang'd by Afric's heat, or Russia's snow;
Or how can aught but powerful reason cure
What from unthinking folly we endure?
Happy is he, and he alone, who knows
His heart's uneasy discord to compose;
In generous love of other's good, to find
The sweetest pleasures of the social mind;

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To bound his wishes in their proper sphere;
To nourish pleasing hope, and conquer anxious fear:—
This was the wisdom ancient sages taught,
This was the sovereign good they justly sought;
This to no place or climate is confin'd,
But the free native produce of the mind.

Nor think, my lord, that courts to you deny
The useful practice of philosophy:
Horace, the wisest of the tuneful choir,
Not always chose from greatness to retire;
But, in the palace of Augustus, knew
The same unerring maxims to pursue,
Which, in the Sabine or the Velian shade,
His study and his happiness he made.

May you, my friend, by his example taught,
View all the giddy scene with sober thought;
Undazzled, every glittering folly see,
And in the midst of slavish forms be free;
In its own centre keep your steady mind,
Let Prudence guide you, but let Honour bind:
In show, in manners, act the courtier's part;
But be a country gentleman at heart.

TO MR. GLOVER.

ON HIS POEM OF LEONIDAS. 1734.

Go on, my friend, the noble task pursue,
And think thy genius is thy country's due;
To vulgar wits inferior themes belong,
But Liberty and Virtue claim thy song.
Yet cease to hope, though grac'd with every charm,
The patriot verse will cold Britannia warm;

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Vainly, thou striv'st our languid hearts to raise,
By great examples, drawn from better days:
No longer we to Sparta's fame aspire,
What Sparta scorn'd, instructed to admire;
Nurs'd in the love of wealth, and form'd to bend
Our narrow thoughts to that inglorious end:
No generous purpose can enlarge the mind,
No social care, no labour for mankind,
Where mean self-interest every action guides,
In camps commands, in cabinets presides;
Where luxury consumes the guilty store,
And bids the villain be a slave for more.

Hence, wretched nation, all thy woes arise,
Avow'd corruption, licens'd perjuries,
Eternal taxes, treaties for a day,
Servants that rule, and senates that obey.

O people far unlike the Grecian race,
That deems a virtuous poverty disgrace,
That suffers public wrongs, and public shame,
In council insolent, in action tame!
Say, what is now the' ambition of the great?
Is it to raise their country's sinking state;
Her load of debt to ease by frugal care,
Her trade to guard, her harass'd poor to spare?
Is it, like honest Somers, to inspire
The love of laws, and freedom's sacred fire?
Is it, like wise Godolphin, to sustain
The balanc'd world, and boundless power restrain?
Or is the mighty aim of all their toil,
Only to aid the wreck, and share the spoil?
On each relation, friend, dependant, pour
With partial wantonness, the golden shower;

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And, fenc'd by strong corruption, to despise
An injur'd nation's unavailing cries?
Rouse, Britons, rouse! if sense of shame be weak,
Let the loud voice of threatening danger speak.
Lo! France, as Persia once, o'er every land
Prepares to stretch her all-oppressing hand:
Shall England sit regardless and sedate,
A calm spectatress of the general fate;
Or call forth all her virtue, and oppose,
Like valiant Greece, her own and Europe's foes?
O let us seize the moment in our power,
Our follies now have reach'd the fatal hour;
No later term the angry gods ordain;
This crisis lost, we shall be wise in vain.

And thou, great poet, in whose nervous lines
The native majesty of freedom shines,
Accept this friendly praise, and let me prove
My heart not wholly void of public love;
Though not like thee I strike the sounding string
To notes which Sparta might have deign'd to sing,
But, idly sporting in the secret shade,
With tender trifles soothe some artless maid.

TO WILLIAM PITT, ESQ.

ON HIS LOSING HIS COMMISSION. 1736.

Long had thy virtues mark'd thee out for fame,
Far, far superior to a Cornet's name;
This generous Walpole saw, and griev'd to find
So mean a post disgrace that noble mind:
The servile standard from thy freeborn hand
He took, and bade thee lead the patriot-band.

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TO MR. WEST AT WICKHAM,

1740.

Fair Nature's sweet simplicity,
With elegance refin'd,
Well in thy seat, my friend, I see,
But better in thy mind:
To both, from courts and all their state,
Eager I fly, to prove
Joys far above a Courtier's fate,
Tranquillity and love.

TO COLONEL DRUMGOLD.

Drumgold, whose ancestors from Albion's shore
Their conquering standards to Hibernia bore,
Though now thy valour, to thy country lost,
Shines in the foremost ranks of Gallia's host,
Think not that France shall borrow all thy fame—
From British sires deriv'd thy genius came:
Its force, its energy, to these it ow'd,
But the fair polish Gallia's clime bestow'd:
The Graces there each ruder thought refin'd,
And liveliest wit with soundest sense combin'd.
They taught in sportive Fancy's gay attire
To dress the gravest of the' Aönian choir,
And gave to sober Wisdom's wrinkled cheek
The smile that dwells in Hebe's dimple sleek.
Pay to each realm the debt that each may ask;
Be thine, and thine alone, the pleasing task,
In purest elegance of Gallic phrase
To clothe the spirit of the British lays,

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Thus every flower which every Muse's hand
Has rais'd profuse in Britain's favourite land,
By thee transplanted to the banks of Seine,
Its sweetest native odours shall retain.
And when thy noble friend, with olive crown'd,
In Concord's golden chain has firmly bound
The rival nations, thou for both shalt raise
The grateful song to his immortal praise.
Albion shall think she hears her Prior sing;
And France, that Boileau strikes the tuneful string.
Then shalt thou tell what various talents join'd,
Adorn, embellish, and exalt his mind;
Learning and wit, with sweet politeness grac'd;
Wisdom by guile or cunning undebas'd;
By pride unsullied, genuine dignity;
A noble and sublime simplicity.
Such in thy verse shall Nivernois be shown:
France shall with joy the fair resemblance own;
And Albion sighing bid her sons aspire
To imitate the merit they admire.

TO A YOUNG LADY,

WITH THE TRAGEDY OF 'VENICE PRESERVED.'

In tender Otway's moving scenes we find
What power the gods have to your sex assign'd;
Venice was lost, if on the brink of fate
A woman had not prop'd her sinking state:
In the dark danger of that dreadful hour,
Vain was her senate's wisdom, vain its power;
But, sav'd by Belvidera's charming tears,
Still o'er the subject-main her towers she rears,

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And stands a great example to mankind,
With what a boundless sway you rule the mind,
Skilful the worst or noblest ends to serve,
And strong alike to ruin or preserve.

In wretched Jaffier, we with pity view
A mind, to Honour false, to Virtue true:
In the wild storm of struggling passions tost,
Yet saving innocence, though fame was lost;
Greatly forgetting what he ow'd his friend—
His country, which had wrong'd him, to defend.

But she, who urg'd him to that pious deed,
Who knew so well the patriot's cause to plead,
Whose conquering love her country's safety won,
Was, by that fatal love, herself undone.

May all the joys in Love and Fortune's power
Kindly combine to grace your nuptial hour!
On each glad day may plenty shower delight,
And warmest rapture bless each welcome night!
May heaven, that gave you Belvidera's charms,
Destine some happier Jaffier to your arms,
Whose bliss misfortune never may allay,
Whose fondness never may through care decay;
Whose wealth may place you in the fairest light,
And force each modest beauty into sight!
So shall no anxious want your peace destroy,
No tempest crush the tender buds of joy;
But all your hours in one gay circle move,
Nor Reason ever disagree with Love!

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IMITATIONS.

DAMON AND DELIA.

IN IMITATION OF HORACE AND LYDIA.

DAMON.

TELL me, my Delia, tell me why
My kindest, fondest looks you fly?
What means this cloud upon your brow?
Have I offended? Tell me how!—
Some change has happen'd in your heart,
Some rival there has stol'n a part;
Reason these fears may disapprove:
But yet I fear, because I love.

DELIA.

First tell me, Damon, why to-day
At Belvidera's feet you lay?
Why with such warmth her charms you prais'd,
And every trifling beauty rais'd,
As if you meant to let me see
Your flattery is not all for me?
Alas! too well your sex I knew,
Nor was so weak to think you true.

DAMON.

Unkind! my falsehood to upbraid,
When your own orders I obey'd;
You bid me try, by this deceit,
The notice of the world to cheat,
And hide, beneath another name,
The secret of our mutual flame.

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DELIA.

Damon, your prudence I confess,
But let me wish it had been less;
Too well the lover's part you play'd,
With too much art your court you made;
Had it been only art, your eyes
Would not have join'd in the disguise.

DAMON.

Ah! cease thus idly to molest
With groundless fears thy virgin breast:
While thus at fancied wrongs you grieve,
To me a real pain you give.

DELIA.

Though well I might your truth distrust,
My foolish heart believes you just:
Reason this faith may disapprove;
But I believe, because I love.

HORACE,

BOOK IV. ODE IV.

(Qualem ministrum fulminis alitem, &c.)

1725 [1].

As the wing'd minister of thundering Jove,
To whom he gave his dreadful bolts to bear;
Faithful [2] assistant of his master's love,
King of the wandering nations of the air,

[1] First printed in Mr. West's translation of Pindar.

[2] In the rape of Ganymede, who was carried up to Jupiter by an eagle, according to the poetical history.

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When balmy breezes fann'd the vernal sky,
  On doubtful pinions left his parent nest,
In slight essays his growing force to try,
  While inborn courage fir'd his generous breast;

Then, darting with impetuous fury down,
  The flocks he slaughter'd, an unpractis'd foe;
Now his ripe valour to perfection grown
  The scaly snake and crested dragon know:

Or, as a lion's youthful progeny,
  Wean'd from his savage dam and milky food,
The grazing kid beholds with fearful eye,
  Doom'd first to stain his tender fangs in blood:

Such Drusus, young in arms, his foes beheld,
  The Alpine Rhæti, long unmatch'd in fight:
So were their hearts with abject terror quell'd;
  So sunk their haughty spirit at the sight.

Tam'd by a boy, the fierce barbarians find [flame,
  How guardian Prudence guides the youthful
And how great Cæsar's fond paternal mind
  Each generous Nero forms to early fame;

A valiant son springs from a valiant sire:
  Their race by mettle sprightly coursers prove;
Nor can the warlike eagle's active fire
  Degenerate, to form the timorous dove.

But education can the genius raise,
  And wise instructions native virtue aid;
Nobility without them is disgrace,
  And honour is by vice to shame betray'd.

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Letred Metaurus, stain'd with Punic blood,
Let mighty Asdrubal subdued, confess
How much of empire, and of fame, is ow'd
By thee, O Rome, to the Neronian race.

Of this be witness that auspicious day,
Which, after a long black tempestuous night,
First smil'd on Latium with a milder ray,
And cheer'd our drooping hearts with dawning light.

Since the dire African with wasteful ire
Rode o'er the ravag'd towns of Italy;
As through the pine-trees flies the raging fire,
Or Eurus o'er the vex'd Sicilian sea.

From this bright era, from this prosperous field,
The Roman glory dates her rising power;
From hence 'twas given her conquering sword to wield,
Raise her fall'n gods, and ruin'd shrines restore.

Thus Hannibal at length despairing spoke:
'Like stags to ravenous wolves an easy prey,
Our feeble arms a valiant foe provoke,
Whom to elude and 'scape were victory:

'A dauntless nation, that from Trojan fires,
Hostile Ausonia, to thy destin'd shore
Her gods, her infant sons, and aged sires,
Through angry seas and adverse tempests bore:

'As on high Algidus the sturdy oak,
Whose spreading boughs the axe's sharpness feel,
Improves by loss, and, thriving with the stroke,
Draws health and vigour from the wounding steel.

'Not Hydra sprouting from her mangled head
So tir'd the baffled force of Hercules;
Nor Thebes, nor Colchis, such a monster bred,
Pregnant of ills, and fam'd for prodigies.

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'Plunge her in ocean, like the morning sun,
Brighter she rises from the depths below:
To earth with unavailing ruin thrown,
Recruits her strength, and foils the wondering foe.

'No more of victory the joyful fame
Shall from my camp to haughty Carthage fly;
Lost, lost, are all the glories of her name!
With Asdrubal her hopes and fortune die!

'What shall the Claudian valour not perform,
Which Power Divine guards with propitious care,
Which Wisdom steers through all the dangerous storm,
Through all the rocks and shoals of doubtful war?'

PARTS OF

AN ELEGY OF TIBULLUS,

TRANSLATED, 1729-30.

(Divitias alius fulvo sibi congerat auro.)

Let others heap of wealth a shining store,
And, much possessing, labour still for more;
Let them, disquieted with dire alarms,
Aspire to win a dangerous fame in arms:
Me, tranquil poverty shall lull to rest,
Humbly secure, and indolently bless'd;
Warm'd by the blaze of my own cheerful hearth,
I'll waste the wintry hours in social mirth;
In summer pleas'd attend to harvest toils,
In autumn press the vineyard's purple spoils;
And oft to Delia in my bosom bear
Some kid, or lamb, that wants its mother's care.
With her I'll celebrate each gladsome day,
When swains their sportive rites to Bacchus pay;

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With her new milk on Pales' altar pour,
And deck with ripen'd fruits Pomona's bower;
At night, how soothing would it be to hear,
Safe in her arms, the tempest howling near;
Or while the wintry clouds their deluge pour,
Slumber, assisted by the beating shower!
Ah! how much happier than the fool who braves,
In search of wealth, the black tempestuous waves!
While I, contented with my little store,
In tedious voyage seek no distant shore;
But, idly lolling on some shady seat,
Near cooling fountains shun the dog-star's heat:
For what reward so rich could Fortune give,
That I by absence should my Delia grieve?
Let great Messala shine in martial toils,
And grace his palace with triumphal spoils;
Me Beauty holds, in strong though gentle chains,
Far from tumultuous war and dusty plains.
With thee, my love, to pass my tranquil days,
How would I slight Ambition's painful praise;
How would I joy with thee, my love, to yoke
The ox, and feed my solitary flock!
On thy soft breast might I but lean my head,
How downy should I think the woodland-bed!
The wretch, who sleeps not by his fair-one's side,
Detests the gilded couch's useless pride,
Nor knows his weary, weeping eyes to close,
Though murmuring rills invite him to repose.
Hard were his heart, who thee, my fair, could leave
For all the honours prosperous war can give; [fame,
Though through the vanquish'd East he spread his
And Parthian tyrants trembled at his name; [bleed,
Though, bright in arms, while hosts around him
With martial pride he press'd his foaming steed.

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No pomps like these my humble vows require;
With thee I'll live, and in thy arms expire.
Thee may my closing eyes in death behold!
Thee may my faltering hand yet strive to hold!
Then, Delia, then, thy heart will melt in woe,
Then o'er my breathless clay thy tears will flow;
Thy tears will flow, for gentle is thy mind,
Nor dost thou think it weakness to be kind.
But, ah! fair mourner, I conjure thee, spare
Thy heaving breasts and loose dishevel'd hair:
Wound not thy form; lest on the' Elysian coast
Thy anguish should disturb my peaceful ghost.
But now, nor death nor parting should employ
Our sprightly thoughts, or damp our bridal joy:
We'll live, my Delia; and from life remove
All care, all business, but delightful Love.
Old age in vain those pleasures would retrieve,
Which youth alone can taste, alone can give;
Then let us snatch the moment to be bless'd,
This hour is Love's—be Fortune's all the rest.

SULPICIA TO CERINTHUS.

IN HER SICKNESS. FROM TIBULLUS.

(Sent to a Friend, in a Lady's Name.)

Say, my Cerinthus, does thy tender breast
Feel the same feverish heats that mine molest?
Alas! I only wish for health again,
Because I think my lover shares my pain:
For what would health avail to wretched me,
If you could, unconcern'd, my illness see?

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SULPICIA TO CERINTHUS.

I'm weary of this tedious dull deceit;
Myself I torture, while the world I cheat:
Though Prudence bids me strive to guard my fame,
Love sees the low hypocrisy with shame;
Love bids me all confess, and call thee mine,
Worthy my heart, as I am worthy thine:
Weakness for thee I will no longer hide;
Weakness for thee is woman's noblest pride.

CATO'S SPEECH TO LABIENUS.

IN THE NINTH BOOK OF LUCAN.

(Quid quæri, Labiene, jubes, &c.)

What, Labienus, would thy fond desire
Of horned Jove's prophetic shrine inquire?
Whether to seek in arms a glorious doom,
Or basely live, and be a king in Rome?
If life be nothing more than death's delay;
If impious force can honest minds dismay,
Or Probity may Fortune's frown disdain;
If well to mean is all that Virtue can;
And right, dependant on itself alone,
Gains no addition from success?—'Tis known:
Fix'd in my heart these constant truths I bear,
And Ammon cannot write them deeper there.
Our souls, allied to God, within them feel
The secret dictates of the' Almighty will;
This is his voice, be this our oracle.

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When first his breath the seeds of life instill'd,
All that we ought to know was then reveal'd.
Nor can we think the Omnipresent mind
Has truth to Libya's desert sands confin'd;
There, known to few, obscur'd and lost, to lie—
Is there a temple of the Deity,
Except earth, sea, and air, yon azure pole;
And chief his holiest shrine, the virtuous soul?
Where'er the eye can pierce, the feet can move,
This wide, this boundless universe is Jove.
Let abject minds, that doubt because they fear,
With pious awe to juggling priests repair;
I credit not what lying prophets tell—
Death is the only certain oracle!
Cowards and brave must die one destin'd hour—
This Jove has told: he needs not tell us more.

ODE,

IN IMITATION OF 'PASTOR FIDO.'

(O primavera gioventu del anno.)

WRITTEN ABROAD. 1729.

PARENT of blooming flowers and gay desires,
Youth of the tender year, delightful Spring!
At whose approach, inspir'd with equal fires,
The amorous Nightingale and Poet sing:

Again dost thou return, but not with thee
Return the smiling hours I once possess'd;
Blessings thou bring'st to others, but to me
The sad remembrance that I once was bless'd.

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Thy faded charms, which Winter snatch'd away,
Renew'd in all their former lustre shine;
But, ah! no more shall hapless I be gay,
Or know the vernal joys that have been mine.

Though linnets sing, though flowers adorn the green,
Though on their wings soft zephyrs fragrance bear;
Harsh is the music, joyless is the scene
The odour faint: for Delia is not there!

Cheerless and cold I feel the genial sun,
From thee while absent I in exile rove;
Thy lovely presence, fairest light, alone
Can warm my heart to gladness and to love,

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POEMS UPON HIS LADY.

TO MISS LUCY FORTESCUE.

ONCE, by the Muse alone inspir'd,
I sung my amorous strains:
No serious love my bosom fir'd;
Yet every tender maid, deceiv'd,
The idly-mournful tale believ'd,
And wept my fancied pains.

But Venus now, to punish me
For having feign'd so well,
Has made my heart so fond of thee,
That not the whole Aönian choir
Can accents soft enough inspire,
Its real flame to tell.

TO THE SAME;

WITH HAMMOND'S ELEGIES.

ALL that of Love can be express'd
In these soft numbers see;
But, Lucy, would you know the rest,
It must be read in me.

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TO THE SAME.

To him who in an hour must die,
Not swifter seems that hour to fly,
Than slow the minutes seem to me,
Which keep me from the sight of thee.

Not more that trembling wretch would give
Another day or year to live;
Than I to shorten what remains
Of that long hour which thee detains.

Oh! come to my impatient arms,
Oh! come, with all thy heavenly charms,
At once to justify and pay
The pain I feel from this delay.

TO THE SAME.

To ease my troubled mind of anxious care,
Last night the secret casket I explor'd,
Where all the letters of my absent fair
(His richest treasure) careful Love had stor'd:

In every word a magic spell I found
Of power to charm each busy thought to rest;
Though every word increas'd the tender wound
Of fond desire still throbbing in my breast.

So to his hoarded gold the miser steals,
And loses every sorrow at the sight;
Yet wishes still for more, nor ever feels
Entire contentment, or secure delight.

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Ah! should I lose thee, my too lovely maid,
Couldst thou forget thy heart was ever mine,
Fear not thy letters should the change upbraid;
My hand each dear memorial shall resign:

Not one kind word shall in my power remain,
A painful witness of reproach to thee;
And lest my heart should still their sense retain,
My heart shall break, to leave thee wholly free.

A PRAYER TO VENUS.

IN HER TEMPLE AT STOWE.

TO THE SAME.

Fair Venus, whose delightful shrine surveys
Its front reflected in the silver lake,
These humble offerings, which thy servant pays,
Fresh flowers, and myrtle-wreaths, propitious [take.

If less my love exceeds all other love,
Than Lucy's charms all other charms excel;
Far from my breast each soothing hope remove,
And there let sad Despair for ever dwell.

But if my soul is fill'd with her alone;
No other wish, nor other object knows;
Oh! make her, goddess, make her all my own,
And give my trembling heart secure repose!

No watchful spies I ask, to guard her charms,
No walls of brass, no steel-defended door;
Place her but once within my circling arms,
Love's surest fort, and I will doubt no more.

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TO THE SAME;

ON HER PLEADING WANT OF TIME.

On Thames's bank, a gentle youth
For Lucy sigh'd, with matchless truth,
E'en when he sigh'd in rhyme;
The lovely maid his flame return'd,
And would with equal warmth have burn'd,
But that she had not time.

Oft he repair'd with eager feet
In secret shades his fair to meet,
Beneath the' accustom'd lime:
She would have fondly met him there,
And heal'd with love each tender care,
But that she had not time.

'It was not thus, inconstant maid,
You acted once,' the shepherd said,
'When love was in its prime:'—
She griev'd to hear him thus complain;
And would have writ, to ease his pain,
But that she had not time.

'How can you act so cold a part?
No crime of mine has chang'd your heart,
If love be not a crime:—
We soon must part for months, for years'—
She would have answer'd with her tears,
But that she had not time.

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TO THE SAME.

Your shape, your lips, your eyes, are still the same,
Still the bright object of my constant flame;
But where is now the tender glance, that stole
With gentle sweetness my enchanted soul?
Kind fears, impatient wishes, soft desires,
Each melting charm that Love alone inspires?
These, these are lost; and I behold no more
The maid, my heart delighted to adore.
Yet, still unchang'd, still doting to excess,
I ought, but dare not, try to love you less;
Weakly I grieve, unpitied I complain;
But not unpunish'd shall your change remain;
For you, cold maid, whom no complaints can move,
Were far more bless'd, when you like me could love.

TO THE SAME.

When I think on your truth, I doubt you no more,
I blame all the fears I gave way to before:
I say to my heart, 'Be at rest, and believe
That whom once she has chosen, she never will leave.'

But, ah! when I think on each ravishing grace
That plays in the smiles of that heavenly face;
My heart beats again; I again apprehend
Some fortunate rival in every friend.

These painful suspicions you cannot remove, [love;
Since you neither can lessen your charms nor my
But doubts caus'd by passion you never can blame;
For they are not ill-founded, or you feel the same.

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TO THE SAME;

WITH A NEW WATCH.

With me while present, may thy lovely eyes
Be never turn'd upon this golden toy:
Think every pleasing hour too swiftly flies;
And measure time, by joy succeeding joy!
But when the cares that interrupt our bliss
To me not always will thy sight allow;
Then oft with kind impatience look on this,
Then every minute count—as I do now.

AN IRREGULAR ODE.

WRITTEN AT WICKHAM. 1746.

TO THE SAME.

Ye silvan scenes with artless beauty gay,
Ye gentle shades of Wickham, say,
What is the charm that each successive year,
Which sees me with my Lucy here,
Can thus to my transported heart
A sense of joy unfelt before impart?

Is it glad Summer's balmy breath, that blows
From the fair jasmine and the blushing rose?
Her balmy breath, and all her blooming store
Of rural bliss, was here before:

Oft have I met her on the verdant side
Of Norwood-hill, and in the yellow meads
Where Pan the dancing Graces leads,
Array'd in all her flowery pride.

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No sweeter fragrance now the gardens yield,
No brighter colours paint the' enamell'd field.

Is it to Love these new delights I owe?
Four times has the revolving sun
His annual circle through the zodiac run;
Since all that Love's indulgent power
On favour'd mortals can bestow,
Was giv'n to me in this auspicious bower.

Here first my Lucy, sweet in virgin charms,
Was yielded to my longing arms;
And round our nuptial bed,
Hovering with purple wings, the' Idalian boy
Shook from his radiant torch the blissful fires
Of innocent desires,
While Venus scatter'd myrtles o'er her head.
Whence then this strange increase of joy?
He, only he, can tell, who, match'd like me,
(If such another happy man there be)
Has by his own experience tried
How much *the wife* is dearer than *the bride*.

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MONODY

TO THE

MEMORY OF LADY LYTTELTON.

1747.

Ipse cavâ solans ægrum testudine amorem,
Te dulcis conjux, te solo in littore secum,
Te veniente die, te decedente canebat.

At length escap'd from every human eye,
From every duty, every care,
That in my mournful thoughts might claim a share,
Or force my tears their flowing stream to dry;
Beneath the gloom of this embowering shade,
This lone retreat, for tender sorrow made,
I now may give my burden'd heart relief,
And pour forth all my stores of grief;
Of grief surpassing every other woe,
Far as the purest bliss, the happiest love
Can on the' ennobled mind bestow,
Exceeds the vulgar joys that move
Our gross desires, inelegant and low.

Ye tufted groves, ye gently-falling rills,
Ye high o'ershadowing hills,
Ye lawns gay-smiling with eternal green,
Oft have you my Lucy seen;

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Where were ye, Muses, when relentless Fate
From these fond arms your fair disciple tore;
From these fond arms, that vainly strove
With hapless ineffectual love
To guard her bosom from the mortal blow?
Could not your favouring power, Aönian maids,
Could not, alas! your power prolong her date,
For whom so oft in these inspiring shades,
Or under Campden's moss-clad mountains hoar,
You open'd all your sacred store,
Whate'er your ancient sages taught,
Your ancient bards sublimely thought, [glow?
And bade her raptur'd breast with all your spirit

Nor then did Pindus or Castalia's plain,
Or Aganippe's fount, your steps detain,
Nor in the Thespian valleys did you play;
Nor then on Mincio's[1] bank
Beset with osiers dank,
Nor where Clituminus[2] rolls his gentle stream,
Nor where, through hanging woods,
Steep Anio[3] pours his floods;
Nor yet where Meles[4] or Ilissus[5] stray.
Ill does it now beseem,
That, of your guardian care bereft,
To dire disease and death your darling should be left.

[1] The Mincio runs by Mantua, the birth-place of Virgil.

[2] The Clitumnus is a river of Umbria, the residence of Propertius.

[3] The Anio runs through Tibur or Tivoli, where Horace had a villa.

[4] The Meles is a river of Ionia, from whence Homer, supposed to be born on its banks, is called Melesigenes.

[5] The Ilissus is a river at Athens.

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Now what avails it that in early bloom,
When light fantastic toys
Are all her sex's joys,
With you she search'd the wit of Greece and Rome;
And all that in her latter days,
To emulate her ancient praise,
Italia's happy genius could produce;
Or what the Gallic fire
Bright sparkling could inspire,
By all the Graces temper'd and refin'd;
Or what in Britain's isle,
Most favour'd with your smile,
The powers of Reason and of Fancy join'd
To full perfection have conspir'd to raise?
Ah! what is now the use
Of all these treasures that enrich'd her mind,
To black Oblivion's gloom for ever now consign'd?

At least, ye Nine, her spotless name
'Tis yours from death to save,
And in the temple of immortal Fame
With golden characters her worth engrave.
Come then, ye virgin-sisters, come, [tomb:
And strew with choicest flowers her hallow'd
But foremost thou, in sable vestment clad,
With accents sweet and sad,
Thou, plaintive Muse, whom o'er his Laura's urn
Unhappy Petrarch call'd to mourn;
O come, and to this fairer Laura pay
A more impassion'd tear, a more pathetic lay.

Tell how each beauty of her mind and face
Was brighten'd by some sweet peculiar grace!

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How eloquent in every look
Through her expressive eyes her soul distinctly spoke!
Tell how her manners, by the world refin'd,
Left all the taint of modish vice behind,
And made each charm of polish'd courts agree
With candid Truth's simplicity,
And uncorrupted Innocence!
Tell how to more than manly sense
She join'd the softening influence
Of more than female tenderness:
How, in the thoughtless days of wealth and joy,
Which oft the care of others' good destroy,
Her kindly-melting heart,
To every want and every woe,
To Guilt itself when in distress,
The balm of pity would impart,
And all relief that bounty could bestow!
E'en for the kid or lamb that pour'd its life
Beneath the bloody knife,
Her gentle tears would fall,
Tears from sweet Virtue's source, benevolent to all.

Not only good and kind,
But strong and elevated was her mind;
A spirit that with noble pride
Could look superior down
On Fortune's smile or frown;
That could without regret or pain
To Virtue's lowest duty sacrifice
Or Interest or Ambition's highest prize;
That, injur'd or offended, never tried
Its dignity by vengeance to maintain,
But by magnanimous disdain:

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A wit that, temperately bright,
With inoffensive light
All pleasing shone; nor ever pass'd
The decent bounds that Wisdom's sober hand,
And sweet Benevolence's mild command,
And bashful Modesty, before it cast.
A prudence undeceiving, undeceiv'd,
That nor too little nor too much believ'd,
That scorn'd unjust Suspicion's coward-fear,
And without weakness knew to be sincere.
Such Lucy was, when, in her fairest days,
Amidst the' acclaim of universal praise,
In life's and glory's freshest bloom,
Death came remorseless on, and sunk her to the tomb.

So, where the silent streams of Liris glide,
In the soft bosom of Campania's vale,
When now the wintry tempests all are fled,
And genial Summer breathes her gentle gale,
The verdant orange lifts its beauteous head:
From every branch the balmy flowerets rise,
On every bough the golden fruits are seen;
With odours sweet it fills the smiling skies,
The wood-nymphs tend it, and the' Idalian queen.
But, in the midst of all its blooming pride,
A sudden blast from Apenninus blows,
Cold with perpetual snows: [dies.
The tender blighted plant shrinks up its leaves, and

Arise, O Petrarch, from the' Elysian bowers,
With never-fading myrtles twin'd,
And fragrant with ambrosial flowers,
Where to thy Laura thou again art join'd;

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Arise, and hither bring the silver lyre,
Tun'd by the skilful hand
To the soft notes of elegant desire,
With which o'er many a land
Was spread the fame of thy disastrous love;
To me resign the vocal shell,
And teach my sorrows to relate
Their melancholy tale so well,
As may e'en things inanimate,
Rough mountain oaks and desert rocks, to pity move.

What were, alas! thy woes compar'd to mine?
To thee thy mistress in the blissful band
Of Hymen never gave her hand;
The joys of wedded love were never thine.
In thy domestic care
She never bore a share,
Nor with endearing art
Would heal thy wounded heart
Of every secret grief that fester'd there:
Nor did her fond affection on the bed
Of sickness watch thee, and thy languid head
Whole nights on her unwearied arm sustain,
And charm away the sense of pain:
Nor did she crown your mutual flame
With pledges dear, and with a father's tender name.

O best of wives! O dearer far to me
Than when thy virgin charms
Were yielded to my arms,
How can my soul endure the loss of thee?
How in the world, to me a desert grown,
Abandon'd and alone,

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Without my sweet companion can I live?
Without thy lovely smile,
The dear reward of every virtuous toil,
What pleasures now can pall'd Ambition give?
E'en the delightful sense of well-earn'd praise,
Unshar'd by thee, no more my lifeless thoughts could raise.

For my distracted mind
What succour can I find?
On whom for consolation shall I call?
Support me, every friend;
Your kind assistance lend,
To bear the weight of this oppressive woe.
Alas! each friend of mine,
My dear departed love, so much was thine,
That none has any comfort to bestow.
My books, the best relief
In every other grief,
Are now with your idea sadden'd all:
Each favourite author we together read
My tortur'd memory wounds, and speaks of Lucy dead.

We were the happiest pair of human-kind:
The rolling year its varying course perform'd,
And back return'd again;
Another and another smiling came,
And saw our happiness unchang'd remain:
Still in her golden chain
Harmonious Concord did our wishes bind:
Our studies, pleasures, taste, the same:

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O fatal, fatal stroke,
That all this pleasing fabric Love had rais'd
Of rare felicity,
On which e'en wanton Vice with envy gaz'd,
And every scheme of bliss our hearts had form'd,
With soothing hope, for many a future day,
In one sad moment broke!—
Yet, O my soul, thy rising murmurs stay;
Nor dare the' all-wise Disposer to arraign,
Or against his supreme decree
With impious grief complain,
That all thy full-blown joys at once should fade,
Was his most righteous will—and be that will obey'd!

Would thy fond love his grace to her control,
And in these low abodes of sin and pain
Her pure exalted soul
Unjustly for thy partial good detain?
No—rather strive thy grovelling mind to raise
Up to that unclouded blaze,
That heavenly radiance of eternal light,
In which enthron'd she now with pity sees
How frail, how insecure, how slight,
Is every mortal bliss;
E'en Love itself, if rising by degrees
Beyond the bounds of this imperfect state,
Whose fleeting joys so soon must end,
It does not to its sovereign good ascend.
Rise then, my soul, with hope elate,
And seek those regions of serene delight,
Whose peaceful path and ever-open gate
No feet but those of harden'd Guilt shall miss:
There Death himself thy Lucy shall restore,
There yield up all his power, ne'er to divide you more!

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EPITAPH ON THE SAME LADY.

To the Memory of Lucy Lyttelton,
Daughter of Hugh Fortescue, of Filleigh, in the
County of Devon, Esq. &c.
Who departed this life the 19th of January, 1746-7, aged 29;
Having employed the short time assigned to her here
In the uniform practice of Religion and Virtue.

MADE to engage all hearts, and charm all eyes;
Though meek, magnanimous; though witty, wise;
Polite, as all her life in courts had been;
Yet good, as she the world had never seen;
The noble fire of an exalted mind,
With gentle female tenderness combin'd.
Her speech was the melodious voice of Love,
Her song the warbling of the vernal grove;
Her eloquence was sweeter than her song,
Soft as her heart, and as her reason strong;
Her form each beauty of her mind express'd,
Her mind was Virtue by the Graces dress'd.

EPITAPH ON CAPTAIN CORNWALL,

SLAIN OFF TOULON, 1743.

THOUGH Britain's Genius hung her drooping head,
And mourn'd her ancient naval glory fled,
On that fam'd day when France combin'd with Spain
Strove for the wide dominion of the main,
Yet, Cornwall! all with general voice agree,
To pay the tribute of applause to thee.

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When his bold chief in thickest fight engag'd,
Unequal war with Spain's proud leader wag'd,
With indignation mov'd he timely came
To rescue from reproach his country's name;
Success too dearly did his valour crown,
He sav'd his leader's life, but lost his own.

EPITAPH ON CAPTAIN GRENVILLE;

KILLED IN LORD ANSON'S ENGAGEMENT IN 1747.

Ye weeping Muses, Graces, Virtues, tell
If, since your all-accomplish'd Sidney fell,
You, or afflicted Britain, e'er deplor'd
A loss like that these plaintive lays record!
Such spotless honour; such ingenuous truth!
Such ripen'd wisdom in the bloom of youth!
So mild, so gentle, so compos'd a mind,
To such heroic warmth and courage join'd;
He, too, like Sidney, nurs'd in Learning's arms,
For nobler war forsook her softer charms:
Like him, possess'd of every pleasant art,
The secret wish of every female's heart:
Like him, cut off in youthful glory's pride,
He, unrepining, for his country died.

FINIS.

Whittingham and Rowland, Printers, Goswell Street.

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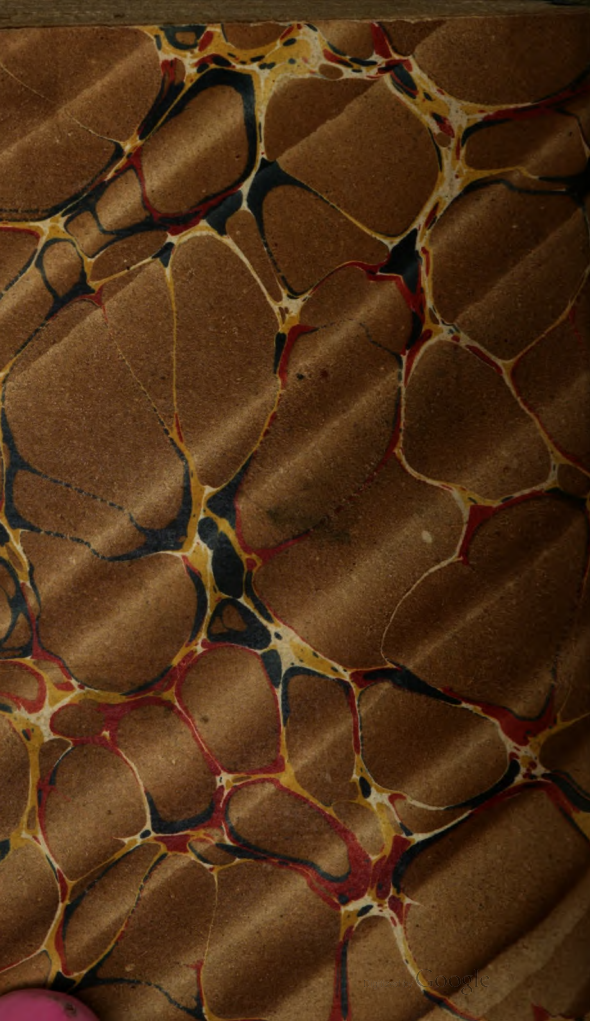
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